A MARVEL MAGAZINE

THE HUMAN TORCH

10¢

NO. 25

COMICS

PLUS SUB-MARINER

IN THIS ISSUE

Trapping "THE MASKED MONSTER!"

Get This FREE BOOK it tells How to

have fun swingin' on a

Song Flute

Oh Boy! When tunes start purrin' from this *fun stick* you're really in the groove. 'Cause Song Flute musical merriment sets things going . . . any time, any place.

EASY TO LEARN—EASY TO PLAY

Song Flute is easier for some than whistling. Just blow gently. Finger the tone holes according to the simple chart in the free book, "Swingin' on a Song Flute." Play tunes the first time you try. No "talent" needed.

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Present the "Gift Certificate" at any Music Store for a free—absolutely FREE—copy of this colorful, pictureful book. Song Flute fun is sweeping the country. Be the first in your gang to get hep to Song Flute!

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PRESENT THIS CERTIFICATE AT YOUR LOCAL MUSIC STORE

DON'T MISS JUNIOR MISS

STARRING CINDY SMITH

HEY CHICKS! CAST YOUR PEEPERS ON THE NEWEST, BIGGEST, *SOLIDEST*, KEENEST CONGLOMERATION OF LEADIN' READIN' YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

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THE STORY OF JAMES MASON

"DOTTY AND DICK"

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STORIES

COMICS

"TEEN-TYPES"

JIGGY

"FASHION FACTS"

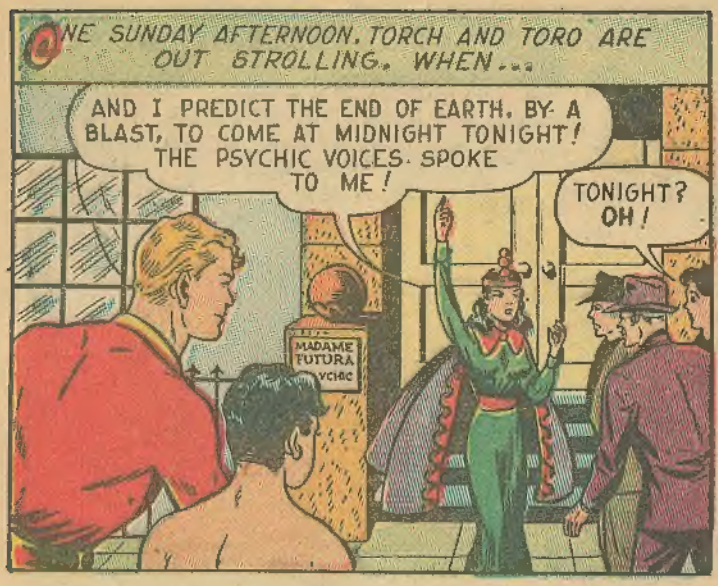
...AND MANY MANY MORE...

JUNIOR MISS

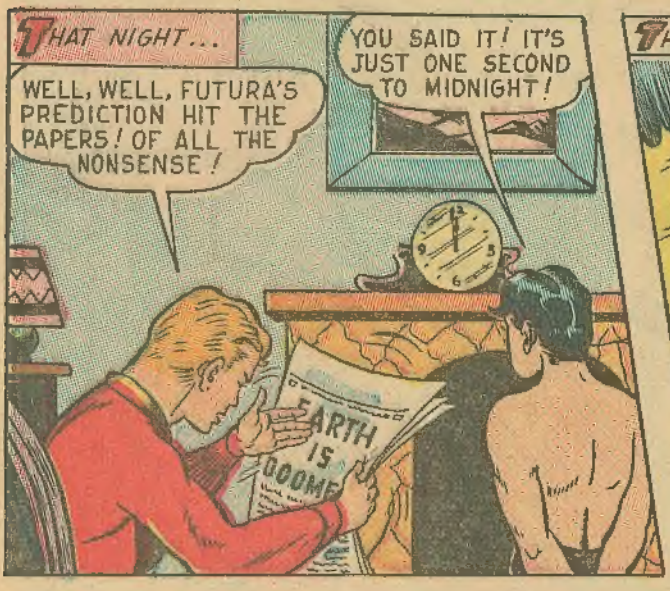
ON SALE SOON!

A CRAZED SEER PREDICTS THE MOMENT OF THE END OF EARTH! AND IN STRANGE, STARTLING MANNER THE HORRIBLE PREDICTION OF DOOM COMES TRUE! AROUND THIS THEME OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS SPUN A STUNNING MYSTERY, PLUNGING THAT TORRID TEAM **TORCH AND TORO** INTO THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE TO STOP THE AMAZINGLY CUNNING HAND BEHIND...

"DEATH BY PROPHECY!"

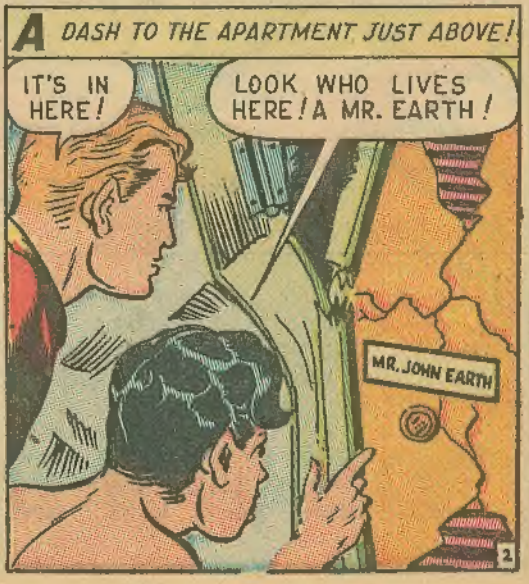

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. TORCH AND TORO ARE OUT STROLLING. WHEN...
AND I PREDICT THE END OF EARTH. BY A BLAST, TO COME AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT! THE PSYCHIC VOICES SPOKE TO ME!
TONIGHT? OH!
MADAME FUTURA
VOICE

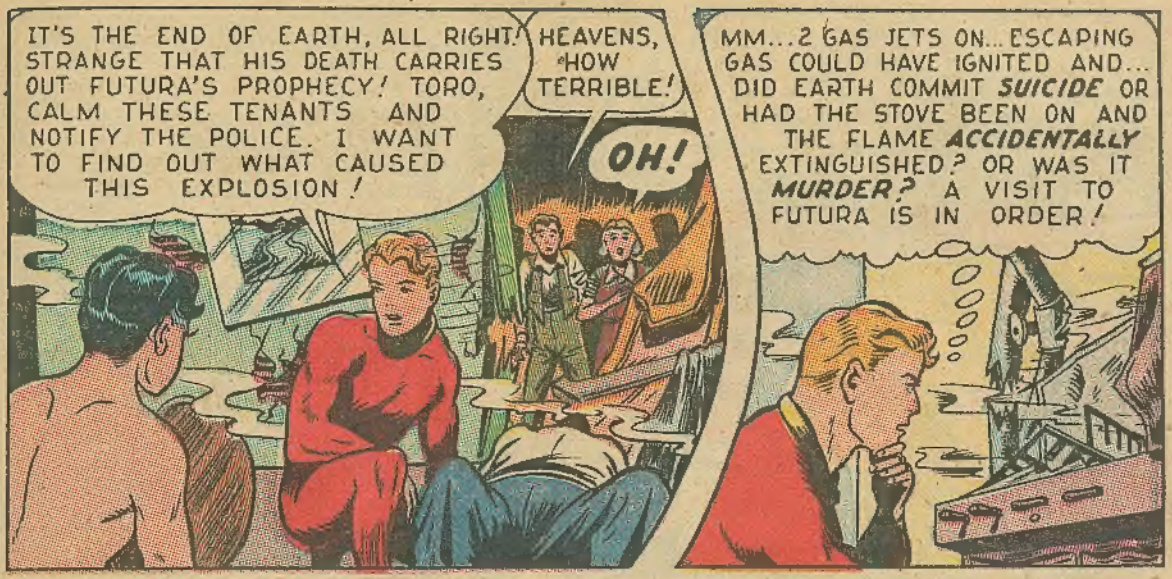
COME ON, LAD, THAT FUTURA'S A CRACKPOT. ALWAYS TRYING SOME PUBLICITY STUNT...
EARTH IS DOOMED! EXPLOSION! MIDNIGHT!


THAT NIGHT...
WELL, WELL, FUTURA'S PREDICTION HIT THE PAPERS! OF ALL THE NONSENSE!
YOU SAID IT! IT'S JUST ONE SECOND TO MIDNIGHT!
EARTH IS DOOMED

THE NEXT SECOND...
BOOM!

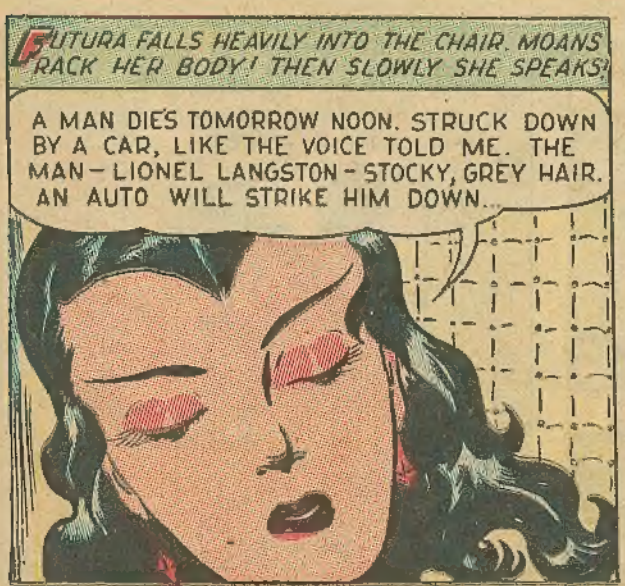
GOSH! CAN IT BE? THE EARTH IS COMING TO AN END!
NO, LAD! IT'S AN EXPLOSION, DIRECTLY OVERHEAD! LET'S GO!


A DASH TO THE APARTMENT JUST ABOVE!
IT'S IN HERE!
LOOK WHO LIVES HERE! A MR. EARTH!
MR. JOHN EARTH


IT'S THE END OF EARTH, ALL RIGHT! STRANGE THAT HIS DEATH CARRIES OUT FUTURA'S PROPHECY! TORO, CALM THESE TENANTS AND NOTIFY THE POLICE. I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THIS EXPLOSION!
HEAVENS, HOW TERRIBLE!
OH!
MM... 2 GAS JETS ON... ESCAPING GAS COULD HAVE IGNITED AND... DID EARTH COMMIT SUICIDE OR HAD THE STOVE BEEN ON AND THE FLAME ACCIDENTALLY EXTINGUISHED? OR WAS IT MURDER? A VISIT TO FUTURA IS IN ORDER!

SOON AFTER..
AND EARTH'S LIFE ENDED WITH A BLAST! DID YOU ARRANGE TO MAKE YOUR PROPHECY COME TRUE?
YOU INFIDEL! "BELIEVE"... IT WAS THE HAND OF DESTINY! I HEARD THE PSYCHIC VOICE!

THEN LATER, I WENT INTO A TRANCE AND HAD THE SAME FEELING! AND TONIGHT AGAIN I HEARD THE VOICE WITH A NEW PROPHECY! OH! THE TRANCE. IT'S COMING ON!
MAYBE CONVENIENTLY, TO AVOID QUESTIONING!


FUTURA FALLS HEAVILY INTO THE CHAIR. MOANS RACK HER BODY! THEN SLOWLY SHE SPEAKS!
A MAN DIES TOMORROW NOON. STRUCK DOWN BY A CAR, LIKE THE VOICE TOLD ME. THE MAN — LIONEL LANGSTON - STOCKY, GREY HAIR. AN AUTO WILL STRIKE HIM DOWN...

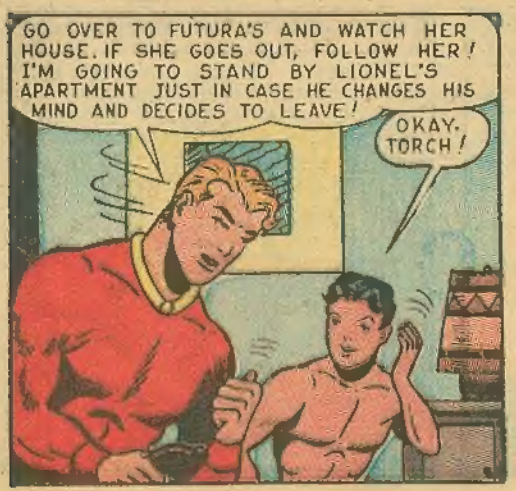
SHARPLY, ABRUPTLY, THE WOMAN AWAKENS!
I PREDICT IT WILL COME TRUE!
LIONEL LANGSTON. HE'S A WRITER — DOES ARTICLES FOR "BEHIND THE SCENES" MAGAZINE. TORO, FLAME ON! WE'VE A TRIP TO MAKE!

WHERE TO, TORCH?
LIONEL LANGSTON'S... IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO GET HIM TO STAY INDOORS TOMORROW... CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!

AT LANGSTON'S 6TH FLOOR APARTMENT...
THIS IS A SURPRISE VISIT. RECEIVED ANOTHER SURPRISE JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO. A PHONE CALL FROM A WACKY FORTUNE-TELLER, SAYING SHE PREDICTS MY DEATH TOMORROW AT NOON. I'LL BE STRUCK DOWN BY AN AUTO! WHAT A LAUGH!
MAYBE NOT!

AS TORCH EXPLAINS FURTHER...
EARTH'S DEATH AND FUTURA'S PREDICTION MUST'VE BEEN PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOW SHE THINKS SHE'S GREAT IN MAKING WILD STATEMENTS. I DON'T SCARE AND I CAN HANDLE MYSELF, BOYS... I'LL BE ON THE STREET AT NOON! AND KEEP OFF MY TAIL!
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, GOODNIGHT!

SOON AFTER, HE RETIRES BUT SLEEPS FITFULLY, AND IN THE MORNING...
TORCH, MAYBE THAT WOMAN'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO GET ME STRUCK DOWN FOR THE SAKE OF HER PROPHECY. I'LL STAY HOME UNTIL PAST NOON BUT I DON'T NEED WATCHDOGS!
JUST THE SAME, LOCK YOURSELF IN!


GO OVER TO FUTURA'S AND WATCH HER HOUSE. IF SHE GOES OUT, FOLLOW HER! I'M GOING TO STAND BY LIONEL'S APARTMENT JUST IN CASE HE CHANGES HIS MIND AND DECIDES TO LEAVE!
OKAY, TORCH!

LIONEL'S IN THERE, TYPING AWAY! NO CHANCE OF THAT ACCIDENT HAPPENING TO... WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR!
TAP! TAP! TAP
RRR RRR RRR RRR

A TOY CAR HEADED FOR LIONEL'S... IT LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH, BUT... I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!
RRR-RRR-
AS TORCH RACES TOWARDS THE TOY!
I PREDICT THAT WILL HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE! MME. FUTURA MAKES NO MISTAKES!
A MINUTE LATER...
JUST 30 SECONDS TO 12. I'LL BE GLAD TO PASS THE NOON HOUR. NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I CAN'T BE HIT BY AN AUTO... WHAT? WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
RRR-RRR-RRR
A TOY CAR! HOW DID THAT...? HA HA! NOW I GET IT! THE WHOLE THING WAS A GAG! NEVER THOUGHT THE TORCH WAS A PRANKSTER! MAKING ME THINK I'D BE RUN OVER, AND SENDING...
...THIS! I'LL... AGGHH!
LIONEL! I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
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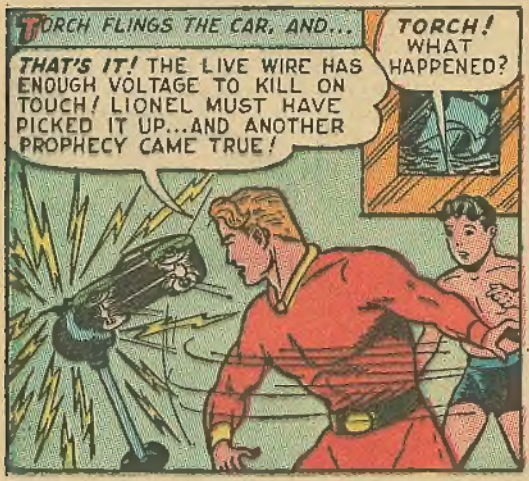
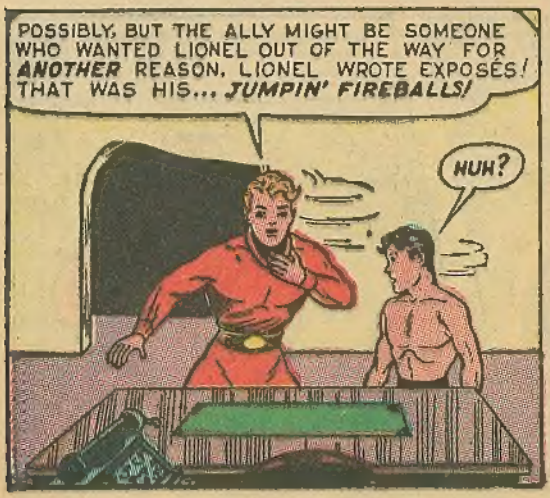
BUT...
POOR FELLOW! HE'S DEAD! HMM... NO BRUISES AT ALL. THE CAR'S TOO LIGHT TO AFFECT A FATAL INJURY. YET THERE MUST BE SOMETHING...

GINGERLY PICKING UP THE TOY...
THERE'S A LOOSE WIRE! LOOKS TO ME LIKE A LIVE WIRE. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!


TORCH FLINGS THE CAR, AND...
THAT'S IT! THE LIVE WIRE HAS ENOUGH VOLTAGE TO KILL ON TOUCH! LIONEL MUST HAVE PICKED IT UP...AND ANOTHER PROPHECY CAME TRUE!
TORCH! WHAT HAPPENED?

...AND THAT'S THE STORY! THIS SPELLS MURDER! BUT WHAT ABOUT FUTURA?
I WATCHED THROUGH THE WINDOW. SHE DIDN'T LEAVE FOR A MOMENT! THEN I HEARD CHURCH BELLS CHIMING THE NOON HOUR, AND SO I LEFT. THIS ELIMINATES HER...UNLESS SHE'S GOT AN ALLY!


POSSIBLY, BUT THE ALLY MIGHT BE SOMEONE WHO WANTED LIONEL OUT OF THE WAY FOR ANOTHER REASON. LIONEL WROTE EXPOSÉS! THAT WAS HIS... JUMPIN' FIREBALLS!
HUH?

HE WAS TYPING ALL MORNING. YET, THERE ARE NO PAPERS HERE! THE KILLER COULD HAVE GRABBED THEM WITHOUT MY SEEING HIM—OR HER, BECAUSE I WAS IN THE CORRIDOR AROUND THE CORNER!
6

SOON AFTER...
WE'LL TRY THE "BEHIND THE SCENES" MAG. HE DID MOST OF HIS WRITING FOR IT. ARCH MURDOCK PUTS OUT THE PUBLICATION. MAYBE HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT LIONEL WAS WORKING ON!

IN MURDOCK'S RICHLY FURNISHED OFFICE...
LIONEL DID TELL ME HE WAS DOING AN EXPOSE OF FAKE FORTUNE TELLING! POOR FELLOW! AND HIS MURDER MAKES ME FEEL I'M IN DANGER TOO! I DISCOUNTED THE PHONE CALL, BUT...
WHAT PHONE CALL?

FUTURA CALLED ME ABOUT 10 MINUTES AGO... SAID I WOULD DIE OF POISONING WITHIN AN HOUR... SHE HAD PSYCHIC WARNINGS! I THOUGHT IT RIDICULOUS! I... OHHH!

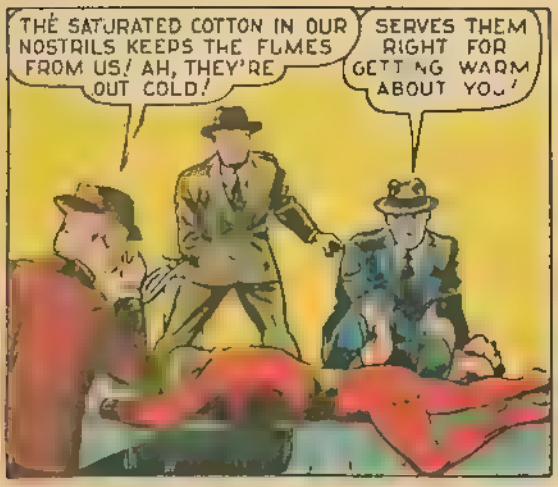
SUDDENLY ANGUISHED MURDOCK SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR...
HELP! HELP ME... QUICK! IN DESK DRAWER...
POISON IN HIS BRANDY! BAKING SODA'S THE BEST ANTI-DOTE!
HERE'S SOME!

Later!
THAT BAKING SODA SURE SAVED MURDOCK'S LIFE... AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BACK TO FUTURA AGAIN! IF LIONEL WAS ABOUT TO DO AN EXPOSE ON HER...
WE'RE GOING BACK THERE! I'VE MORE QUESTIONS TO ASK HER!

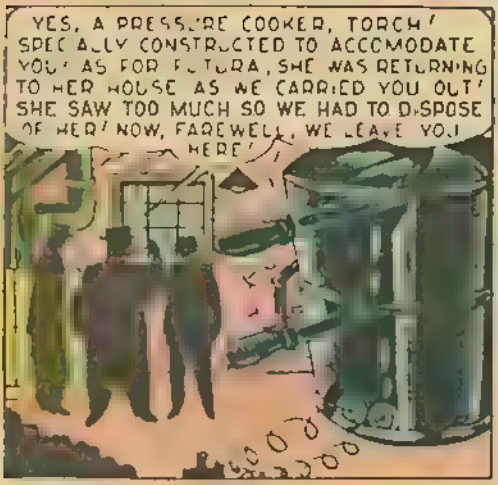
AT THE LADY SEER'S...
THE PSYCHIC VOICES... THEY TALK TO ME AGAIN! SPEAK, VOICE OF WISDOM, WHO DIES NEXT?
TORCH AND TORO! THE FATES DECREE THAT!
9

THE MASTERS OF FIRE WILL BE COOKED TO DEATH!
THEY'RE COMING BACK! I MUST GO... THEY DISTURB ME!
SO, AS THE TORRID TEAM ENTERS, THE SINISTER SEER EXITS!
THAT MIRROR OPENED LIKE A DOOR!
WE'LL BURN THROUGH!
SHE'S NOT HERE!
WE'LL SEARCH! TAKE ONE SIDE, LAD... I'LL TAKE THE OTHER! MUST BE SOME WAY OUT!
WHEN THE DUO MEETS AGAIN...
NOT A SIGN OF HER, BUT PLENTY OF TRICK EXITS!
YES, SHE GOT AWAY, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN FIND OUT WITHOUT HER! ABOUT THOSE PSYCHIC VOICES!
LIKE THE VOICE PREDICTING OUR DEATH! SINCE WE ALSO HEARD IT, IT WASN'T JUST A PRODUCT OF HER IMAGINATION... NOW, LET ME SEE... SHE SAT LIKE THIS!
SUDDENLY...
BEFORE SUNDOWN TORCH AND TORO WILL BE...
EUREKA! I GOT IT!

SOMETHING'S IN BACK OF THIS CHAIR! AS MY HEAD TOUCHED IT, I FELT A VIBRATION AND AS SOON AS I RAISED MY HEAD, THE VOICE STOPPED ABRUPTLY! HM, THIS PIECE IS OPENING!
A MINIATURE, CUNNINGLY CONTRIVED RECORDER AND PLASTIC RECORD! PRESSURE OF THE HEAD TOUCHED A SPRING THAT STARTED IT! THE RECORD COULD ONLY PLAY ONCE!
AND FUTURA HAD TO HEAR EACH PROPHECY ONCE!
SHE MUST'VE HEARD THE OTHER PROPHECIES ON RECORDS, TOO, THEN! WHY WOULD SHE HAVE TO GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO HEAR FAKE PROPHECIES?
THAT'S THE QUESTION, LAD! AND THE ANSWER MUST BE...
SOMEONE ELSE INSTALLED THIS DEVICE, UNKNOWN TO HER AND SHE THOUGHT SHE ACTUALLY HEARD THE PSYCHIC VOICE! FROM THAT, IT WAS EASY FOR HER IMAGINATION TO WORK UP A TRANCE! SHE BELIEVED THOSE PROPHECIES, WHILE A KILLER MADE THEM COME TRUE!
ALL BUT ONE — MURDOCK'S!
MURDOCK! TORO, HE PRACTICALLY LED US TO THE ANTIDOTE. IT WAS AS IF HE HAD READIED THE BAKING SODA IN ADVANCE! IT DIDN'T STRIKE ME THEN ..
SNAP!
SUDDENLY...
THESE CHLOROFORM FUMES DO THE STRIKING NOW! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D FIND OUT TOO MUCH!
9


THE SATURATED COTTON IN OUR NOSTRILS KEEPS THE FUMES FROM US! AH, THEY'RE OUT COLD!
SERVES THEM RIGHT FOR GETTING WARM ABOUT YOU!

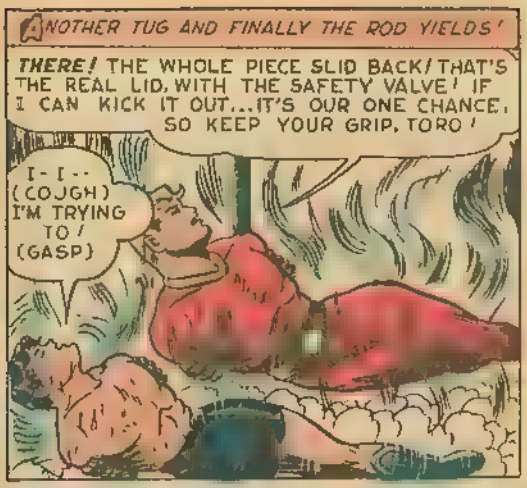
WHEN TORCH AND TORO RECOVER FROM THEIR DRUGGED SLEEP.
WH WHERE ARE WE? THE STEAM! IT'S SUFFOCATING! GOSH, CAN FLAME!
WE'RE TRAPPED IN A HUGE PRESSURE COOKER!

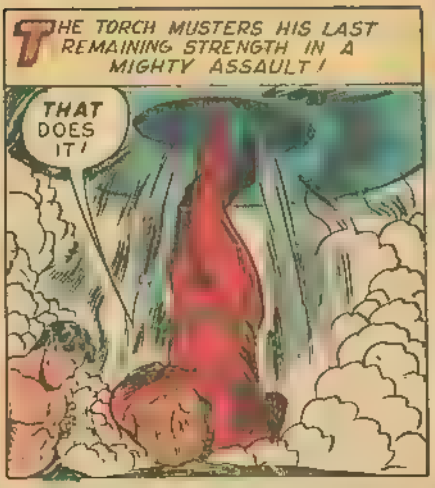

YES, A PRESSURE COOKER, TORCH! SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO ACCOMODATE YOU! AS FOR FLORA, SHE WAS RETURNING TO HER HOUSE AS WE CARRIED YOU OUT! SHE SAW TOO MUCH SO WE HAD TO DISPOSE OF HER! NOW, FAREWELL, WE LEAVE YOU HERE!

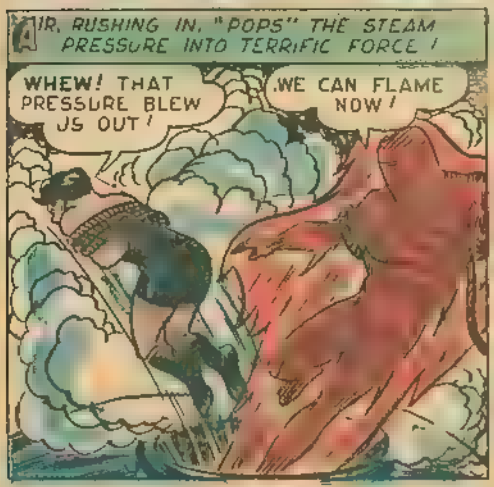
STEAM'S WORSE EVERY MOMENT
WISH THERE WERE SOMETHING TO SAY, A PRESSURE COOKER ALWAYS HAS A SAFETY VALVE ON TOP! WHERE'S THIS ONE?

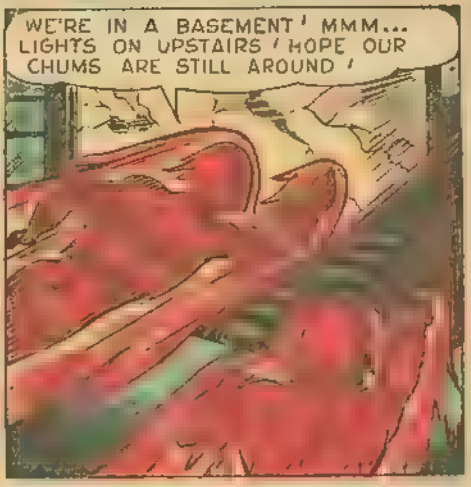
THEY MUST'VE SEALED IT OVER!
NO THAT STEEL TOP IS ALL ONE PIECE THIS ROD MAY MEAN SOMETHING. IT'S ATTACHED TO THE TOP. I'M GOING TO TRY PULLING IT!

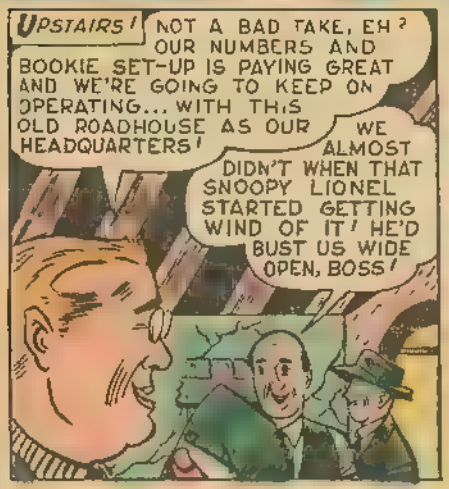
SO HUNG TEETH CLENCH THE ROD!
IT... (OUCH) IT'S BUDGING A LITTLE!

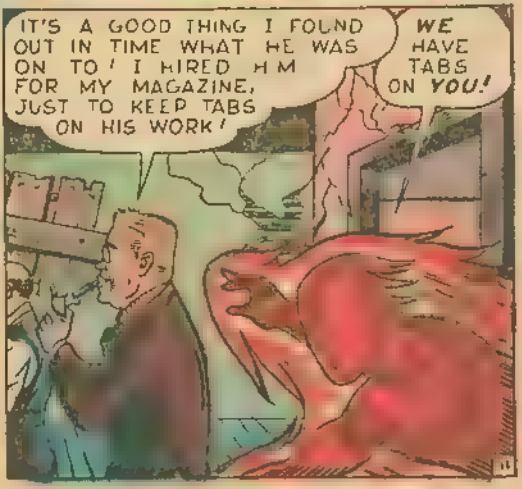

ANOTHER TUG AND FINALLY THE ROD YIELDS!
THERE! THE WHOLE PIECE SLID BACK! THAT'S THE REAL LID, WITH THE SAFETY VALVE! IF I CAN KICK IT OUT...IT'S OUR ONE CHANCE. SO KEEP YOUR GRIP, TORO!
I-I-- (COUGH) I'M TRYING TO! (GASP)


THE TORCH MUSTERS HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH IN A MIGHTY ASSAULT!
THAT DOES IT!


AIR, RUSHING IN, "POPS" THE STEAM PRESSURE INTO TERRIFIC FORCE!
WHEW! THAT PRESSURE BLEW US OUT!
WE CAN FLAME NOW!


WE'RE IN A BASEMENT! MMM... LIGHTS ON UPSTAIRS! HOPE OUR CHUMS ARE STILL AROUND!

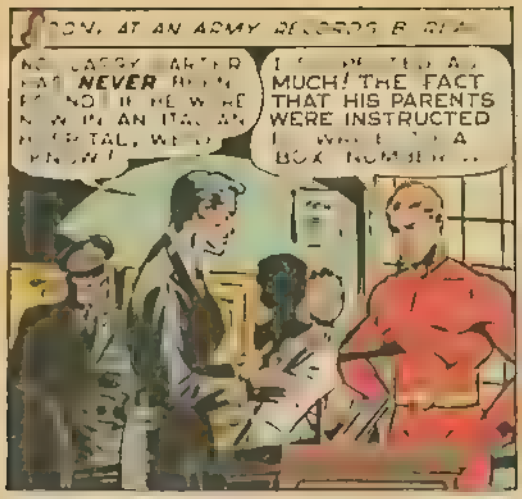

UPSTAIRS! NOT A BAD TAKE, EH? OUR NUMBERS AND BOOKIE SET-UP IS PAYING GREAT AND WE'RE GOING TO KEEP ON OPERATING... WITH THIS OLD ROADHOUSE AS OUR HEADQUARTERS!
WE ALMOST DIDN'T WHEN THAT SNOOPY LIONEL STARTED GETTING WIND OF IT! HE'D BUST US WIDE OPEN, BOSS!

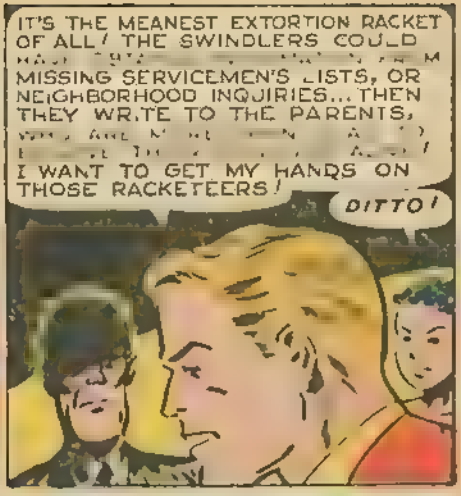

IT'S A GOOD THING I FOUND OUT IN TIME WHAT HE WAS ON TO! I HIRED HIM FOR MY MAGAZINE, JUST TO KEEP TABS ON HIS WORK!
WE HAVE TABS ON YOU!

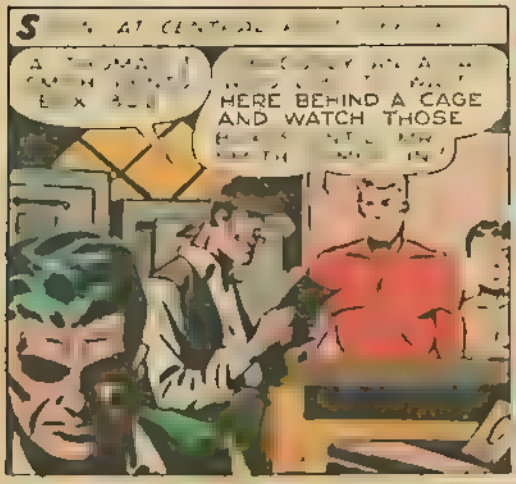
A METEORIC MOVE AROUND THE CRIME TRIO!
YEOW! STOP!
SO THE EXPOSÉ WOULD HAVE HIT YOU, MURDOCK! THERE'S A LOT MORE I WANT TO KNOW!
NOT LONG AFTER..
WHAT ABOUT JOHN EARTH?
HE WAS A CONFIDANT OF LIONEL'S! I WAS AFRAID LIONEL HAD TOLD HIM SOMETHING, SO I FED FUTURA THE PSYCHIC VOICE RECORD! THAT'S WEASLY HERE HIRED HIMSELF OUT AS HER PART TIME HANDYMAN AND ASSISTANT!
YEH... WHEN SHE WASN'T AROUND, I FIXED UP THE CHAIR!
THEN, LAST NIGHT I VISITED EARTH, DRUGGED HIS DRINK, AND SET A GAS BOMB TO EXPLODE AT MIDNIGHT. I LEFT THE GAS JETS ON TO CONFUSE!
AND YOU WANTED TO CONFUSE US INTO THINKING ALL THE MURDERS WERE DEVISED BY FUTURA! A CUNNING, BRAZEN PLAN, EVEN HAVING YOUR OWN LIFE THREATENED! WELL---NOW I CAN MAKE A PROPHECY...
YOU'RE GOING TO SIT IN A CHAIR WHICH WILL PUT YOU IN AN ETERNAL TRANCE!
TAKE THEM AWAY!
The End

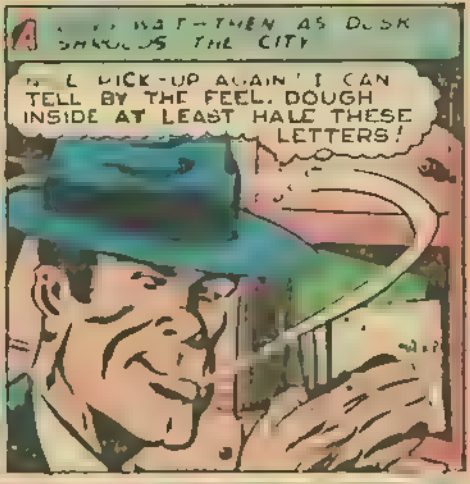
THE HUMAN TORCH
TORCH
TODD
"THE LOST SON FRAUD!"
"TO FRAUD INC.
CROOK ST.
ANYWHERE

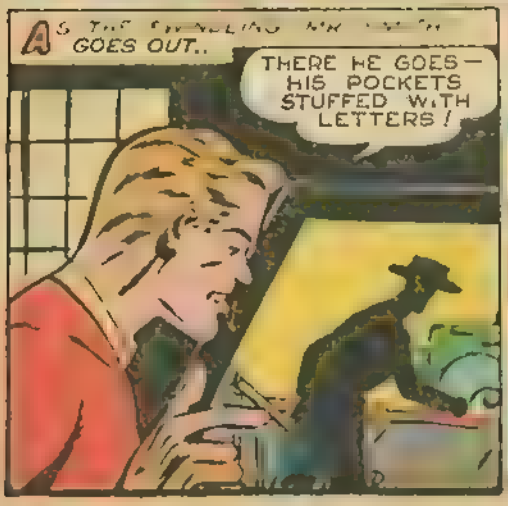
1 THE DAY AS TORCH AND TORO SOAR OVER THE CITY
JOHN! OUR LETTER!
THE WIND'S BLOWING SO!
WE CAN HELP THAT!
HERE YOU ARE!
THANK YOU! WHY, IT'S THE TORCH... WE DO WANT THIS LETTER MAILED RIGHT AWAY!
IT'S TO OUR BOY LARRY!
LARRY WAS IN THE ARMY. IN '44 HE WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION. BUT LAST MONTH WE HAD GREAT NEWS A LETTER FROM HIM, FROM ITALY. HE HAD BEEN LIBERATED FROM A GERMAN PRISON CAMP BUT SUFFERED LOSS OF MEMORY
THEN LAST MONTH HIS MEMORY RETURNED, AND HE WROTE TO US THAT IS, HE HAD A FRIEND WRITE LARRY'S STILL TOO WEAK. BUT THANK HEAVENS HE'S ALIVE AND RECOVERING IN AN ITALIAN HOSPITAL!
WHY DO YOU WRITE TO A BOX NUMBER?
HIS FIRST LETTER EXPLAINED THAT NOW THE GOVERNMENT RELAYS THE LETTERS TO ITALY SOMETHING LIKE THE A.P.O. DURING THE WAR!
HAVE YOU SENT ANY MONEY?
YES HIS FIRST LETTERS ASKED US TO OUR BOY NEEDS THINGS WE'VE SENT $500 SO FAR!
WELL, TORO AND I WILL BE ON OUR WAY. WE'VE WORK TO DO!

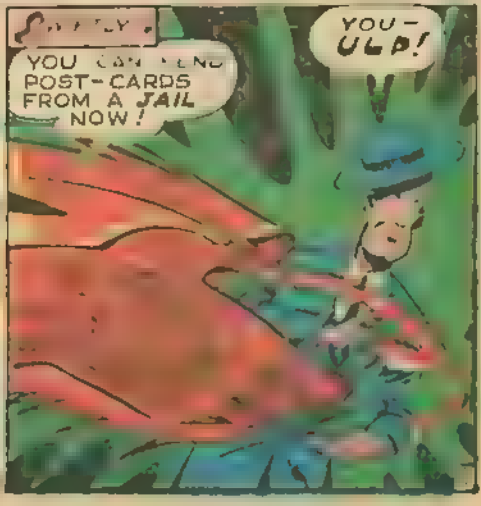

I MUCH! THE FACT THAT HIS PARENTS WERE INSTRUCTED

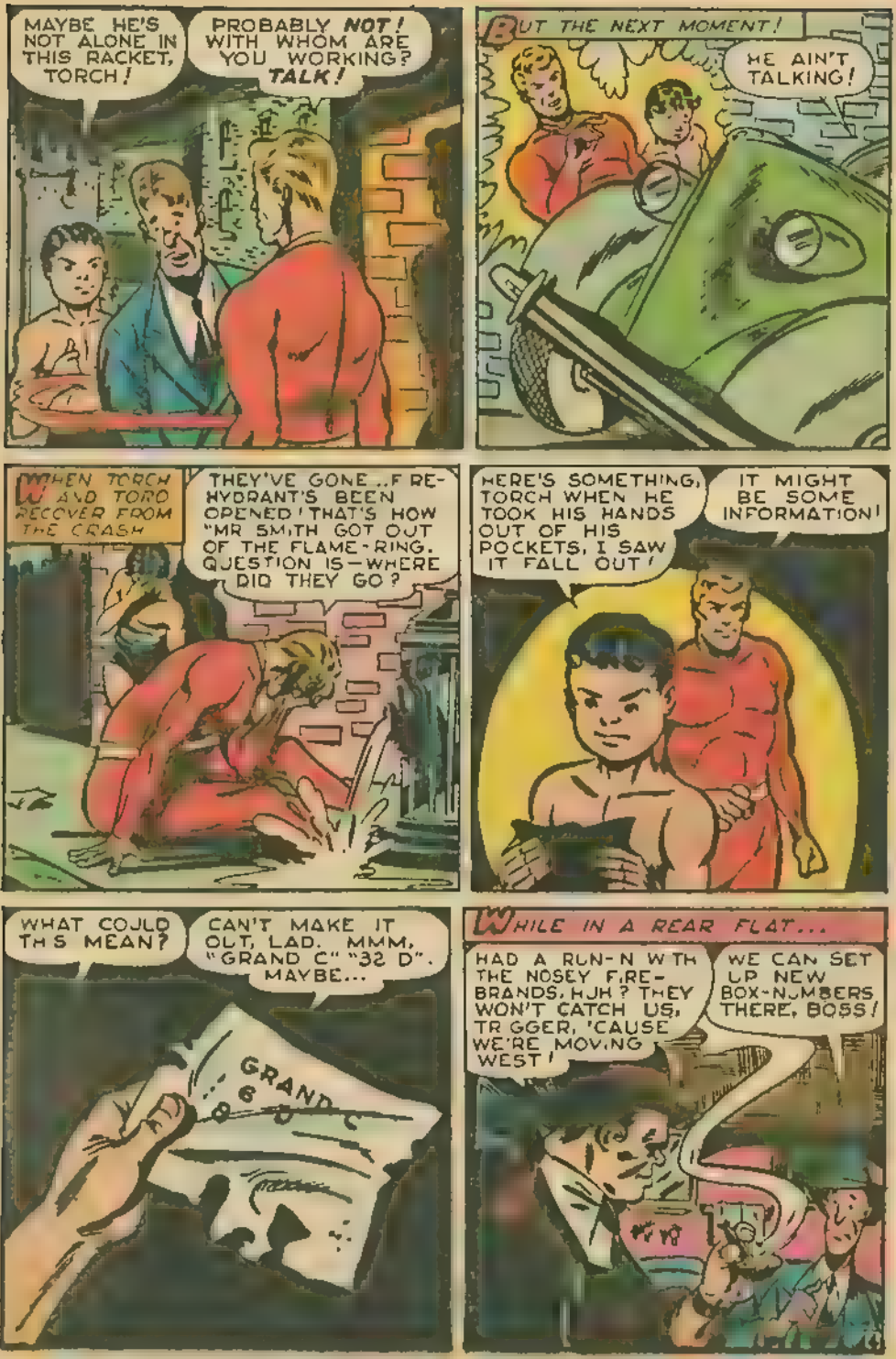

IT'S THE MEANEST EXTORTION RACKET OF ALL! THE SWINDLERS COULD
I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE RACKETEERS!
DITTO!


HERE BEHIND A CAGE AND WATCH THOSE


AS DUSK SHROUDS THE CITY
DICK-UP AGAIN! I CAN TELL BY THE FEEL. DOUGH INSIDE AT LEAST HALF THESE LETTERS!

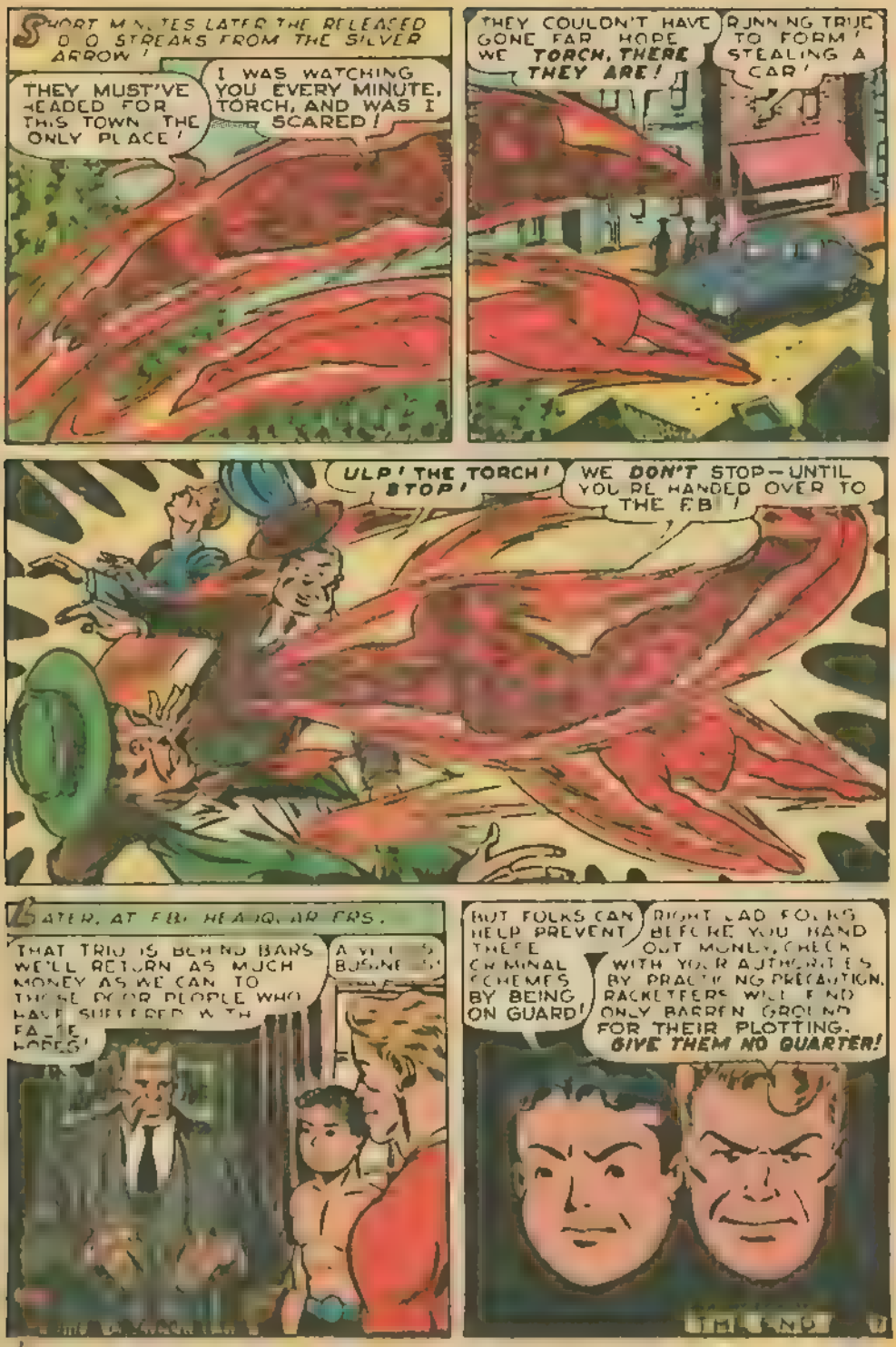

AS THE SWINDLING MAN GOES OUT..
THERE HE GOES— HIS POCKETS STUFFED WITH LETTERS!


YOU CAN SEND POST-CARDS FROM A JAIL NOW!
YOU— ULP!


MAYBE HE'S NOT ALONE IN THIS RACKET, TORCH!
PROBABLY NOT! WITH WHOM ARE YOU WORKING? TALK!
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT!
HE AIN'T TALKING!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO RECOVER FROM THE CRASH
THEY'VE GONE..FIRE-HYDRANT'S BEEN OPENED! THAT'S HOW "MR SMITH GOT OUT OF THE FLAME-RING. QUESTION IS—WHERE DID THEY GO?
HERE'S SOMETHING, TORCH WHEN HE TOOK HIS HANDS OUT OF HIS POCKETS, I SAW IT FALL OUT!
IT MIGHT BE SOME INFORMATION!
WHAT COULD THIS MEAN?
CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, LAD. MMM, "GRAND C" "32 D". MAYBE...
GRAND
WHILE IN A REAR FLAT...
HAD A RUN-IN WITH THE NOSEY FIRE-BRANDS, HUH? THEY WON'T CATCH US, TRIGGER, 'CAUSE WE'RE MOVING WEST!
WE CAN SET UP NEW BOX-NUMBERS THERE, BOSS!

NOT LONG AFTER, IN A LARGE RAILROAD TERMINAL...
WE GO ON THE SILVER ARROW SPECIAL!
A COMPARTMENT ALL TO OURSELVES! PRETTY SWANKY!
WHY NOT? WITH THE DOUGH WE CASHED IN!
TRACK 7
TRAIN TICKET
AS THE STREAM-LINED SILVER ARROW SPEEDS OUT OF THE TERMINAL...
WHO'S THAT, BOSS?
MUST BE THE PORTER WITH THE ICE WATER...COME IN!
KNOCK
KNOCK
BUT INSTEAD OF ICE WATER, THE THUGS ARE SERVED UP DAZZLING HEAT!
HEY, HOW DID YOU...?
YOU DROPPED A PAPER THAT TOLD US EVERYTHING... GRAND CENTRAL STATION... TRACK 8... CAR 6... COMPARTMENT D... AND HERE WE ARE!
BUT SUDDENLY!
AND WE BROUGHT SOMETHIN' ALONG IN CASE YOU GOT HERE! IT'S ANTI-FLAME SPRAY!
FLAMES EXTINGUISHED, THE DYNAMITE DUO IS DROPPING, WHEN...
THAT KNOCKS 'EM OUT!
NOW GO OUT AND TELL THE PORTER NOT TO DISTURB US. WE'RE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT!
3

HA THE FIREBRANDS HAVE AWAKENED NOT FOR LONG! I'M LEAVING A GAS PELLET TO PUT THEM TO SLEEP FOR GOOD! AND WE'RE LEAVING, WE'RE COMIN' TO A STATION STOP!
SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE POISON-FUMED COMPARTMENT...
IT'S GETTING BAD... WONDER HOW TORO'S CAN'T TALK WITH THESE GAGS... IF I COULD ATTRACT CUTSIDE ATTENTION... IF... MMM, THE JUG! IT'S STILL PARTLY FILLED!
THE CLOTHES ROD'S SUSPENDED ON HOOKS. I'LL REMOVE THE END NEAR ME WITH MY TEETH, I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO WIGGLE THE OTHER SIDE LOOSE THEN... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
DEFT MANEUVERING AND TORCH OBTAINS THE ROD FOR HIS DESPERATE PLAN!
I'VE GIVEN IT FAST PRESSURE! THAT CARRIES THE LIQUID RIGHT THROUGH WITHOUT SPILLING!
A PASSING PASSENGER IS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE, WHEN
WHAT THE...? MY LIGHT WENT OUT! WHAT KIND OF JOKE ARE THEY PULLING IN THERE?
A MOMENT LATER.
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN ON! (COUGH) PORTER! PORTER! HELP!


SHORT MINUTES LATER THE RELEASED D.O. STREAKS FROM THE SILVER ARROW!
THEY MUST'VE HEADED FOR THIS TOWN THE ONLY PLACE!
I WAS WATCHING YOU EVERY MINUTE, TORCH, AND WAS I SCARED!
THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR HOPE WE TORCH, THERE THEY ARE!
RUNNING TRUE TO FORM! STEALING A CAR!
ULP! THE TORCH! STOP!
WE DON'T STOP—UNTIL YOU'RE HANDED OVER TO THE F.B.I.!
LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.
THAT TRIO IS BEHIND BARS WE'LL RETURN AS MUCH MONEY AS WE CAN TO THOSE POOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUFFERED WITH FALSE HOPES!
A VITAL BUSINESS
BUT FOLKS CAN HELP PREVENT THESE CRIMINAL SCHEMES BY BEING ON GUARD!
RIGHT LAD FOLKS BEFORE YOU HAND OUT MONEY, CHECK WITH YOUR AUTHORITIES BY PRACTICING PRECAUTION, RACKETEERS WILL FIND ONLY BARREN GROUND FOR THEIR PLOTTING. GIVE THEM NO QUARTER!
THE END

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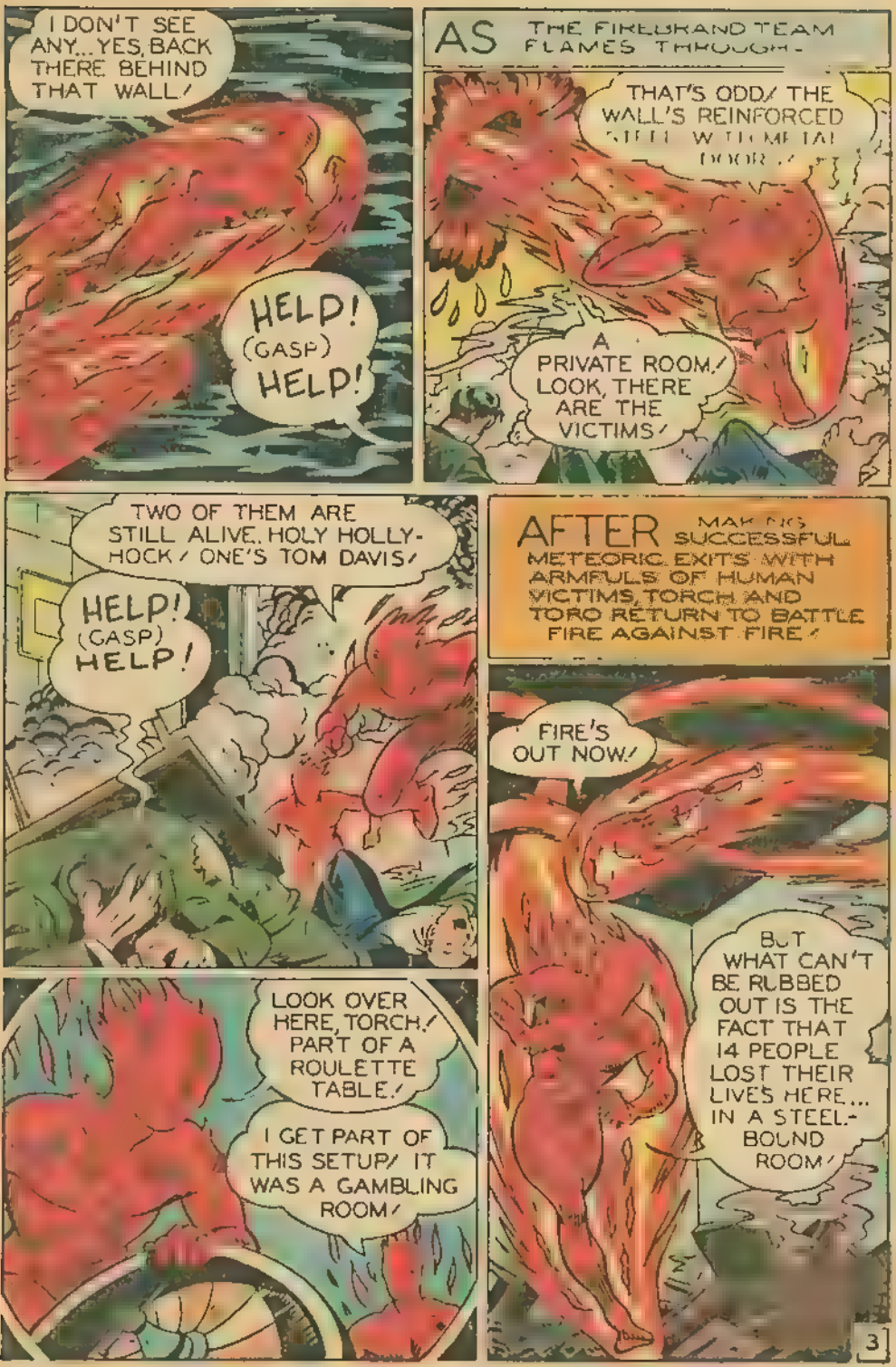
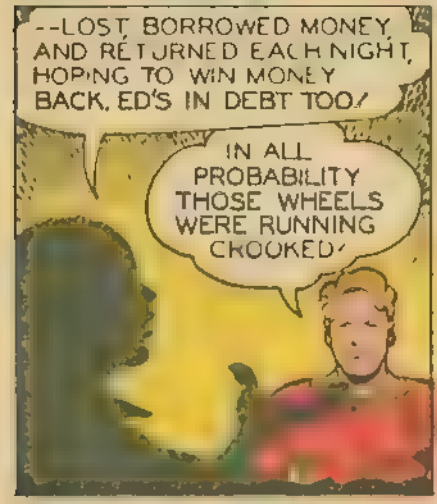
THE HUMAN TORCH
PEOPLE PERISH MERCILESSLY! AND THAT DARING TORRID TEAM TORCH AND TORO PURSUES A PERIL-PACKED TRAIL IN PUNCH-PACKED FASHION AFTER THAT FIENDISH FASHIONER OF MASS MURDERS, THE EVIL PERPETRATOR OF THE DEATH TRAP! FOLLOW THEM AS THEY STAR IN...
R 433
"TRAPPING the MASKED MONSTER!"

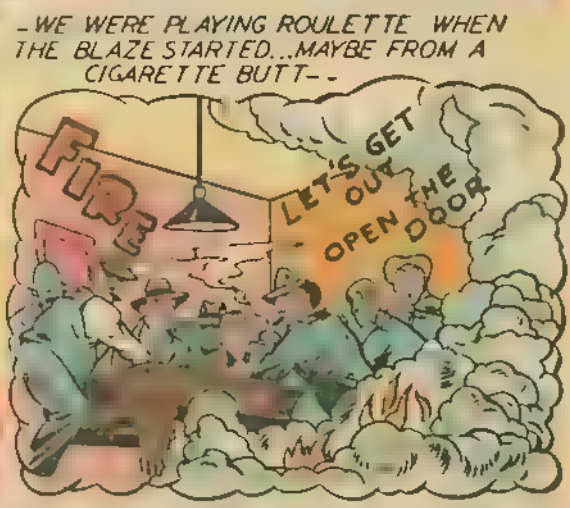
ONE NIGHT, TORCH AND TORO DROP IN ON AN OLD FRIEND AT FIRE HOUSE THIRTY-SEVEN...
HI, CAP DAVIS./ HOW'S THE FIRE CHIEF?
HELLO, BOYS./ COULDN'T BE BETTER./
BUT AS CAP CONTINUES TO TALK, THE DUO SENSES WORRY IN HIS MANNER./
WHAT'S WRONG, CAP? SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU./
CAN'T KID YOU TWO... WELL, IT'S MY BOY TOM.
HE CAME HOME FROM THE ARMY LAST MONTH, BUT HE'S HARDLY BEEN HOME ONE NIGHT AND ACTS SO VERY STRANGE, I'M AFRAID HE'S IN TROUBLE BUT WON'T TELL ANYTHING./
AS CAP ASKS FOR TORCH'S HELP, THE ALARM SOUNDS.
MAYBE YOU CAN TALK TO HIM. YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET IT OUT OF HIM./
I'VE ALWAYS LIKED TOM. I'LL TRY TO... AH, BUSINESS, CAP/ THE ALARM./
BONG BONG BONG
SO ENDS THE CONVERSATION, AND IN SECONDS THE FIRE TRUCKS ROAR OUT./
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO LEND A HAND./
IT'S THE EAT SHOP ON BOOTH STREET/ COME ON ALONG./
PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED INSIDE! WE HEARD SOME SHOUTS./
WE'RE HEADING INSIDE, TORO./
2


I DON'T SEE ANY... YES, BACK THERE BEHIND THAT WALL!
HELP! (GASP) HELP!
AS THE FIREBRAND TEAM FLAMES THROUGH-
THAT'S ODD! THE WALL'S REINFORCED STEEL WITH METAL DOOR!
A PRIVATE ROOM! LOOK, THERE ARE THE VICTIMS!
TWO OF THEM ARE STILL ALIVE. HOLY HOLLY-HOCK! ONE'S TOM DAVIS!
HELP! (GASP) HELP!
AFTER MAKING SUCCESSFUL METEORIC EXITS WITH ARMFULS OF HUMAN VICTIMS, TORCH AND TORO RETURN TO BATTLE FIRE AGAINST FIRE!
FIRE'S OUT NOW!
BUT WHAT CAN'T BE RUBBED OUT IS THE FACT THAT 14 PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES HERE... IN A STEEL-BOUND ROOM!
LOOK OVER HERE, TORCH! PART OF A ROULETTE TABLE!
I GET PART OF THIS SETUP! IT WAS A GAMBLING ROOM!
3

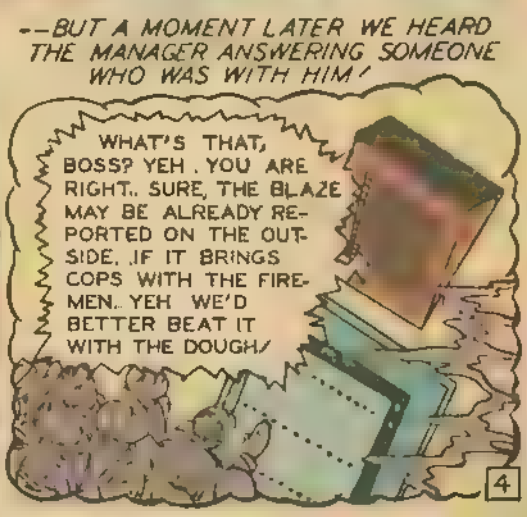
LATER
AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL
THE DOC SAYS HE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW AND SO WILL ED
THAT'S GOOD! IT...IT WAS AWFUL, BEING TRAPPED! THEY'RE MURDERERS!
THAT EAT SHOP WAS A BLIND, WASN'T IT?

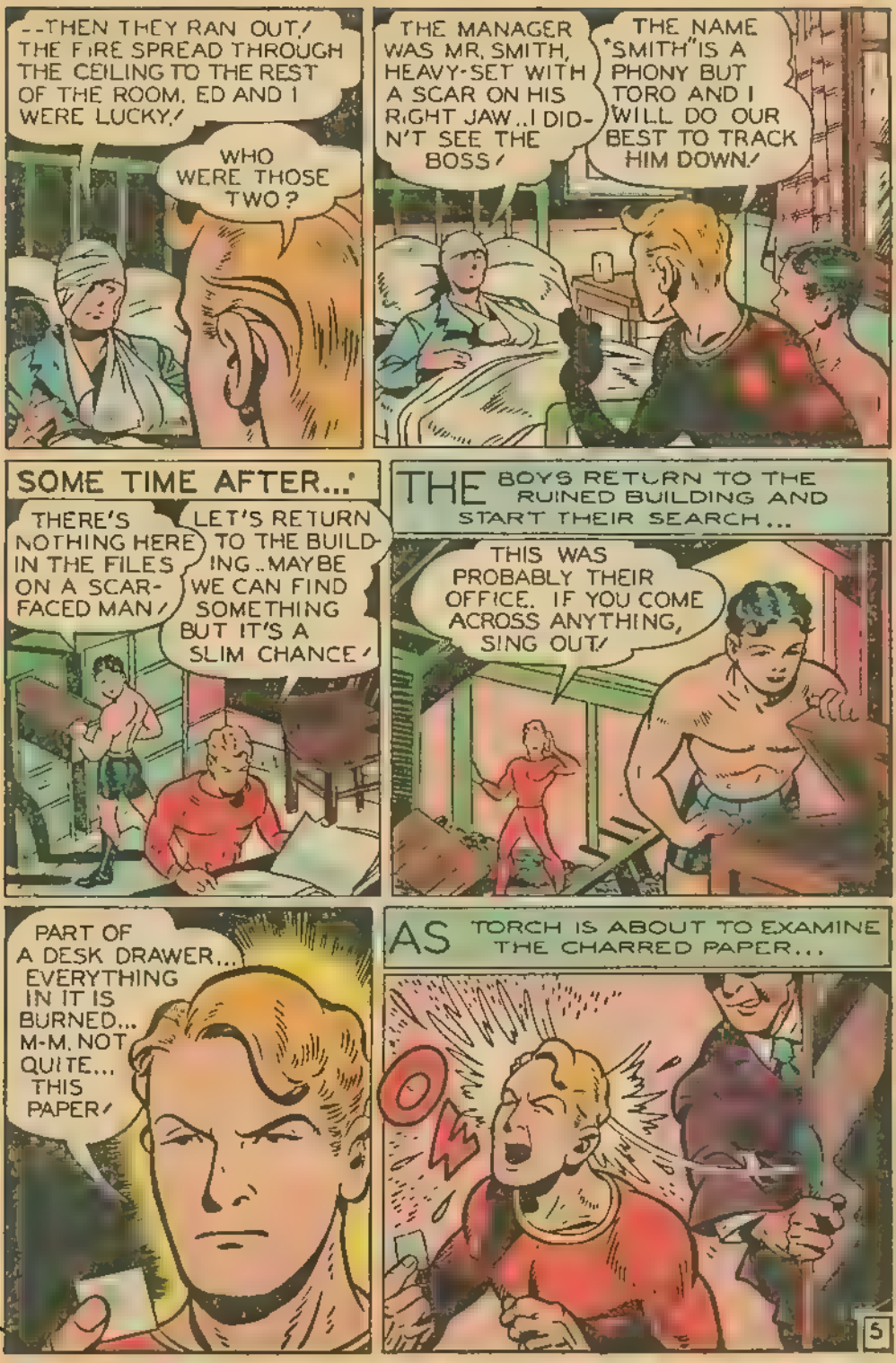
YES, FOR THE GAMBLING ROOM IN BACK I WENT IN FIRST AS A LARK...WE WERE LOCKED IN THE GAME ROOM BY METAL DOORS! PRECAUTION AGAINST POLICE RAIDS, SO WE WERE TOLD, SO THE ROOM COULDN'T BE SPOTTED. FIRST I WON! THEN--


--LOST, BORROWED MONEY, AND RETURNED EACH NIGHT, HOPING TO WIN MONEY BACK. ED'S IN DEBT TOO!
IN ALL PROBABILITY THOSE WHEELS WERE RUNNING CROOKED!

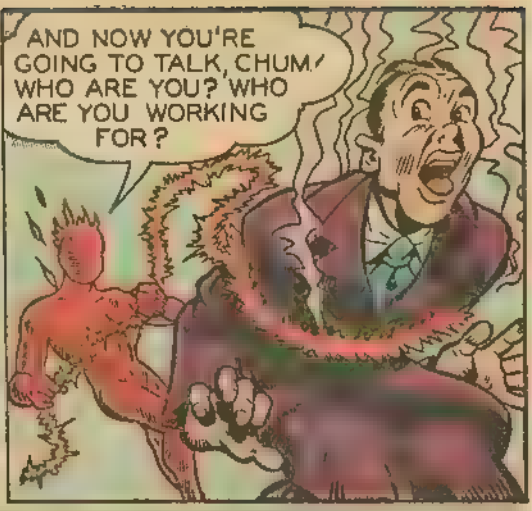

-WE WERE PLAYING ROULETTE WHEN THE BLAZE STARTED...MAYBE FROM A CIGARETTE BUTT--
FIRE
LET'S GET OUT
OPEN THE DOOR

--THE MANAGER'S VOICE CAME OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER FROM OUTSIDE--
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE DOOR WIRING! IT'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

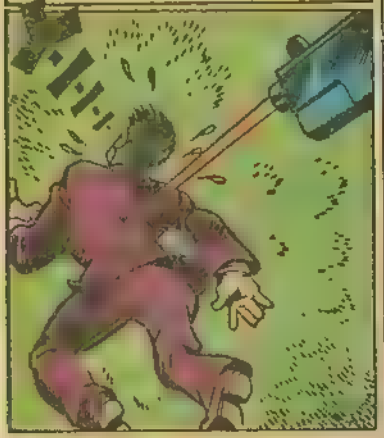

--BUT A MOMENT LATER WE HEARD THE MANAGER ANSWERING SOMEONE WHO WAS WITH HIM!
WHAT'S THAT, BOSS? YEH, YOU ARE RIGHT.. SURE, THE BLAZE MAY BE ALREADY REPORTED ON THE OUTSIDE. IF IT BRINGS COPS WITH THE FIREMEN.. YEH WE'D BETTER BEAT IT WITH THE DOUGH!


--THEN THEY RAN OUT! THE FIRE SPREAD THROUGH THE CEILING TO THE REST OF THE ROOM. ED AND I WERE LUCKY!
WHO WERE THOSE TWO?
THE MANAGER WAS MR. SMITH, HEAVY-SET WITH A SCAR ON HIS RIGHT JAW..I DIDN'T SEE THE BOSS!
THE NAME "SMITH" IS A PHONY BUT TORO AND I WILL DO OUR BEST TO TRACK HIM DOWN!
SOME TIME AFTER...
THERE'S NOTHING HERE IN THE FILES ON A SCAR-FACED MAN!
LET'S RETURN TO THE BUILDING..MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING BUT IT'S A SLIM CHANCE!
THE BOYS RETURN TO THE RUINED BUILDING AND START THEIR SEARCH...
THIS WAS PROBABLY THEIR OFFICE. IF YOU COME ACROSS ANYTHING, SING OUT!
PART OF A DESK DRAWER... EVERYTHING IN IT IS BURNED... M-M. NOT QUITE... THIS PAPER!
AS TORCH IS ABOUT TO EXAMINE THE CHARRED PAPER...
OW!

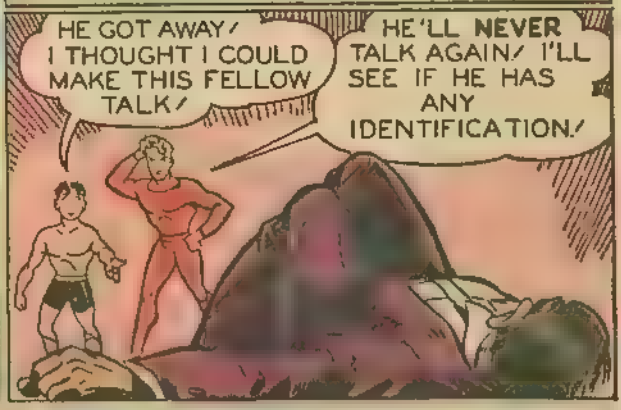
AS THE ASSAILANT GRABS UP THE PAPER, TORO GOES INTO ACTION—



BUT BEFORE HE CAN SPEAK—



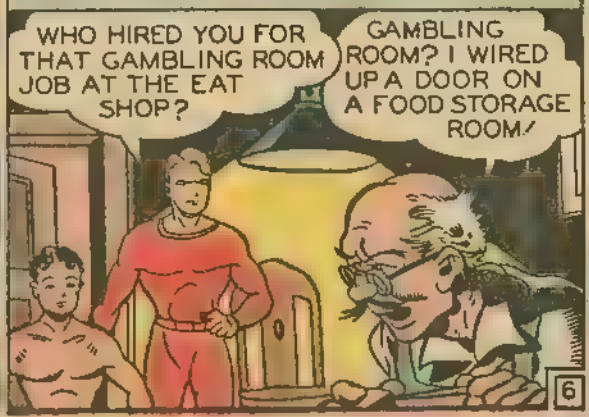
REVIVING, TORCH JOINS TORO IN THE SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN GUNMAN.

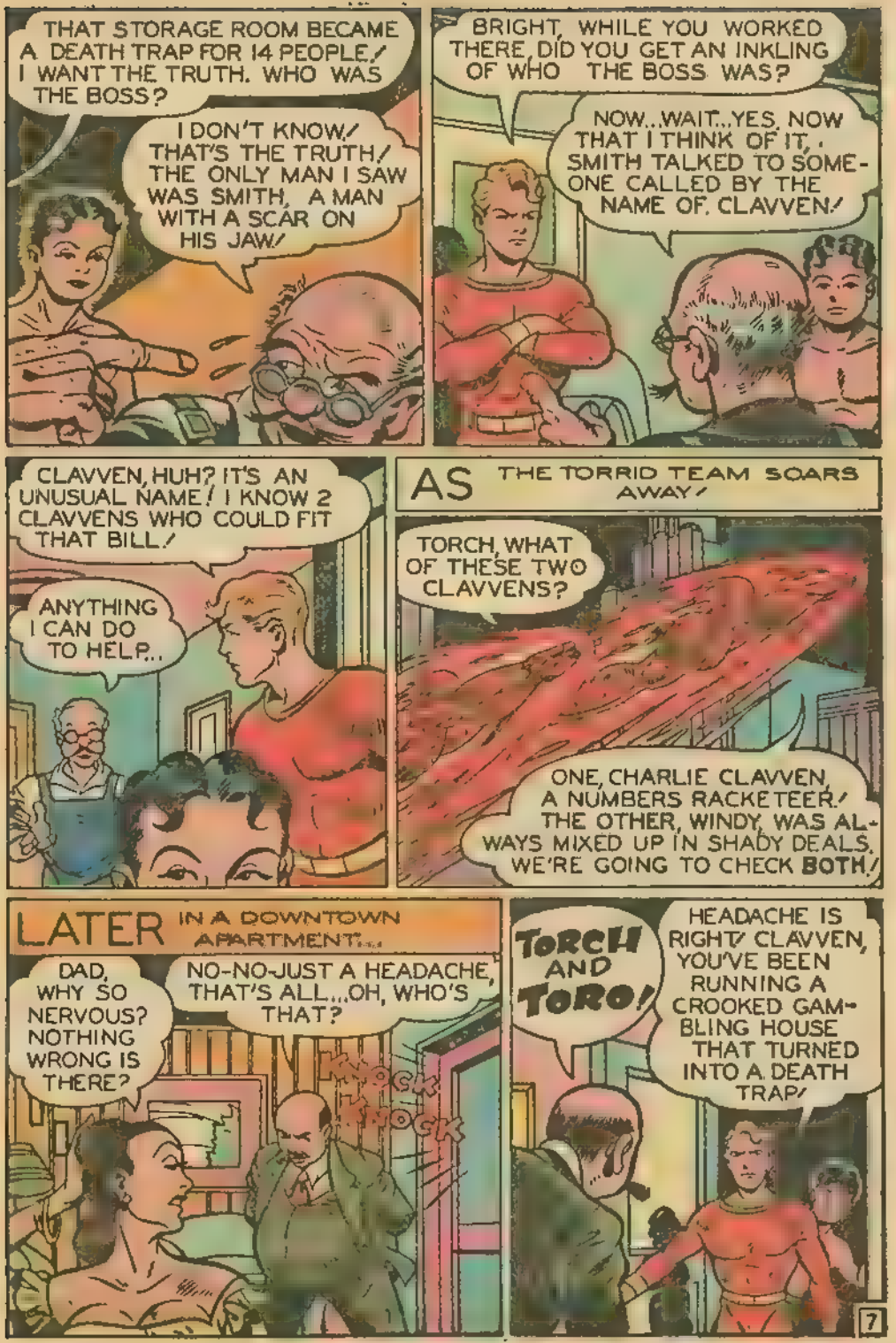


NO IDENTIFICATION... BUT AN INTERESTING SHEET OF PAPER!

THIS IS A DIAGRAM OF THE ELECTRIC WIRING OF THE DOOR INSTALLATIONS WITH THE ELECTRICIAN'S NAME AND ADDRESS! WE'RE GOING TO SEE HIM PRONTO!
ELMER BRIGHT ELECTRICIAN 320 10TH STREET

IN THE COMBINATION APARTMENT AND WORK SHOP OF ELMER BRIGHT...




THAT STORAGE ROOM BECAME A DEATH TRAP FOR 14 PEOPLE./ I WANT THE TRUTH. WHO WAS THE BOSS?
I DON'T KNOW./ THAT'S THE TRUTH./ THE ONLY MAN I SAW WAS SMITH, A MAN WITH A SCAR ON HIS JAW./
BRIGHT, WHILE YOU WORKED THERE, DID YOU GET AN INKLING OF WHO THE BOSS WAS?
NOW...WAIT...YES, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, SMITH TALKED TO SOMEONE CALLED BY THE NAME OF CLAVVEN./
CLAVVEN, HUH? IT'S AN UNUSUAL NAME! I KNOW 2 CLAVVENS WHO COULD FIT THAT BILL./
ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP...
AS THE TORRID TEAM SOARS AWAY/
TORCH, WHAT OF THESE TWO CLAVVENS?
ONE, CHARLIE CLAVVEN, A NUMBERS RACKETEER./ THE OTHER, WINDY, WAS ALWAYS MIXED UP IN SHADY DEALS. WE'RE GOING TO CHECK BOTH./
LATER IN A DOWNTOWN APARTMENT...
DAD, WHY SO NERVOUS? NOTHING WRONG IS THERE?
NO-NO-JUST A HEADACHE, THAT'S ALL...OH, WHO'S THAT?
KNOCK KNOCK
TORCH AND TORO!
HEADACHE IS RIGHT/ CLAVVEN, YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING A CROOKED GAMBLING HOUSE THAT TURNED INTO A DEATH TRAP/
7

VERY NICE. HOUSE FOR A MAN NEARLY BROKE 3 MONTHS AGO/
I'M GOING STRAIGHT...HAD A BREAK IN THE STOCK MARKET. YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PARTY/
OF COURSE. DAD'S TELLING THE TRUTH/
FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S SAKE, CHARLIE, I HOPE IT'S THE TRUTH/ LET'S GO, TORO/ WE'VE ANOTHER CALL/
A FEW MINUTES LATER AT A NEIGHBORHOOD SOCIAL CLUB...
SURE, I HEARD ABOUT THE FIRE... BUT I AIN'T MIXED UP IN IT/
MAYBE, BUT WHERE'VE YOU BEEN GETTING ALL YOUR MONEY?
PICKING WINNERS ON THE PONIES/ AND STOP PICKING ON ME/ OR YOU'LL GET A RIDE TO AN EARLY GRAVE/
I DON'T SCARE, SMALL FRY/
SHORTLY...
I'LL BET WINDY'S THE ONE/
IT WOULD BE BETTER THAT WAY, BUT WE MUST HAVE PROOF/ LETS SEARCH FOR MR. SCARJAW/
AT A BAR SOME BLOCKS AWAY...
TRAPPED IN A BURNING ROOM... FLAMES ALL AROUND! SCREAMING...YELLING. TERRIBLE/ GIMME ANOTHER DRINK/
G'WAN HOME...YOUR BRAIN'S ON FIRE/
10¢
TO
8

I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING! PINK ELEPHANTS -- BUTTERFLIES, BUT THAT'S TOPS-A BURNING ROOM! YOU'D THINK HE HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND!

TRAPPED! TRAPPED! LEMME OUT!

YES, A CONSCIENCE-LOAD OF GUILT STABS HIS MIND! THE FINAL CRIES OF FRANTIC HUMANS POUND HIS MEMORY AS HE STUMBLES OUT OF THE BAR—AND INTO THE PATH OF A RUSHING CAR!

TOM SAID SCAR-JAW DRINKS A LOT... HOW ABOUT TRYING THESE BARS? OH OH!

THE DUO TAKES CHARGE OF THE ACCIDENT...

WHY, THAT'S THE MAN WHO WAS YELLIN' ABOUT BEING TRAPPED IN A BURNING ROOM!

HE'S **DEAD!** I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE...WALLET IDENTIFIES HIM AS RICKY MASON... NOW WHAT ELSE?

A FURTHER SEARCH SOON REVEALS...

A MASK WITH A SCAR ON THE RIGHT JAW!

LIKE SMITH'S! TORO, LET'S SEE IF TOM CAN IDENTIFY THIS MASK!

LATER AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL—

THAT'S IT! MR. SMITH'S FACE! A DISGUISE!

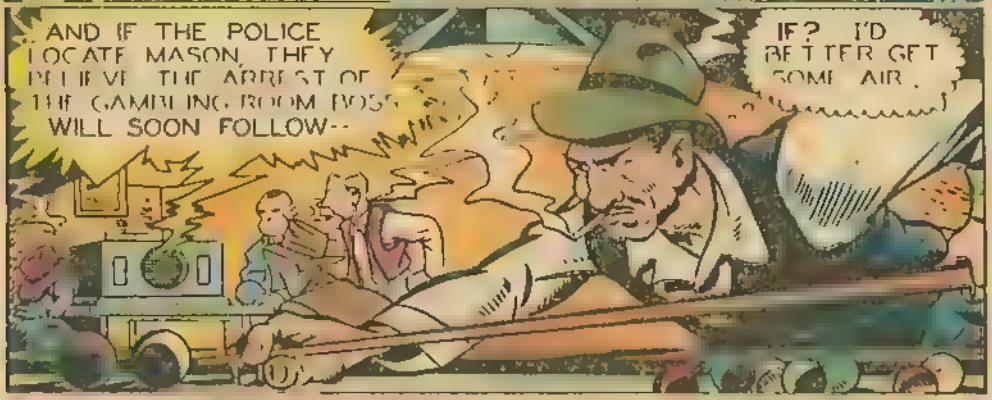
IT BELONGED TO RICKY MASON-- AND I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL TURN HIS BOSS OVER TO US!

BEFORE LONG THE RAPID COMMENTATORS SEND OUT A NEWS FLASH!

--AND THE POLICE ARE SEARCHING FOR RICKY MASON. THEY HAVE EVIDENCE MASON WAS THE MANAGER OF THE GAMBLING ROOM--

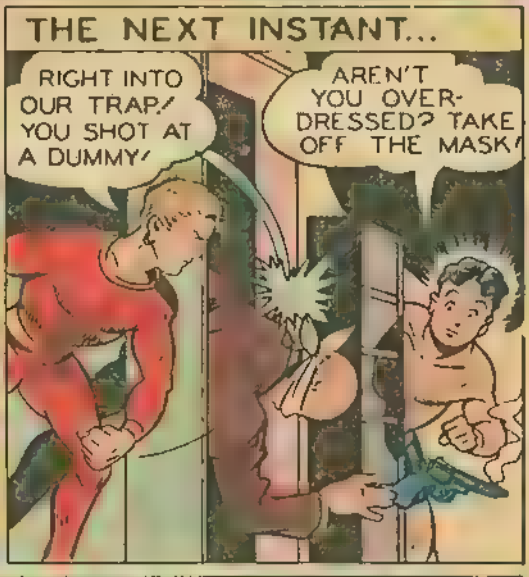
MASON WILL TALK! BETTER GET GOING!

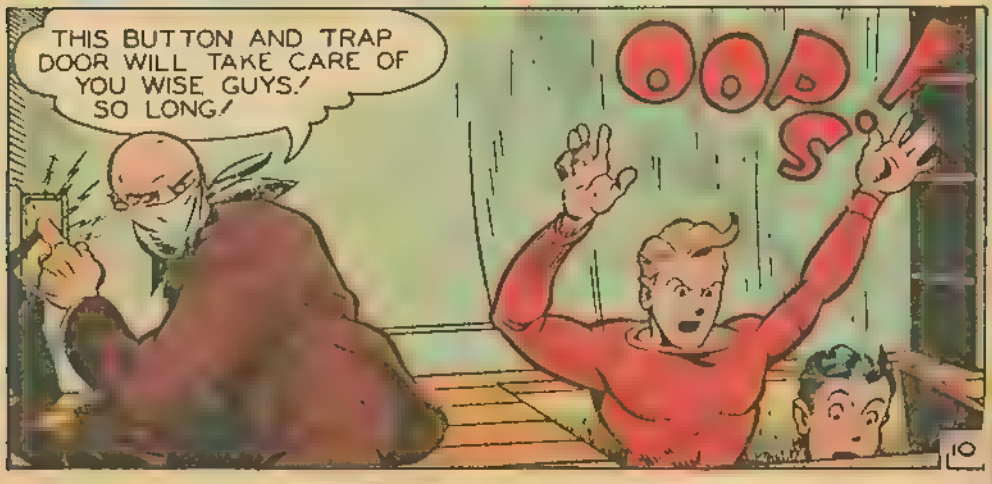
THE NEWS REACHES EVEN THE EARS OF WINDY CLAVVEN IN HIS POOL ROOM..

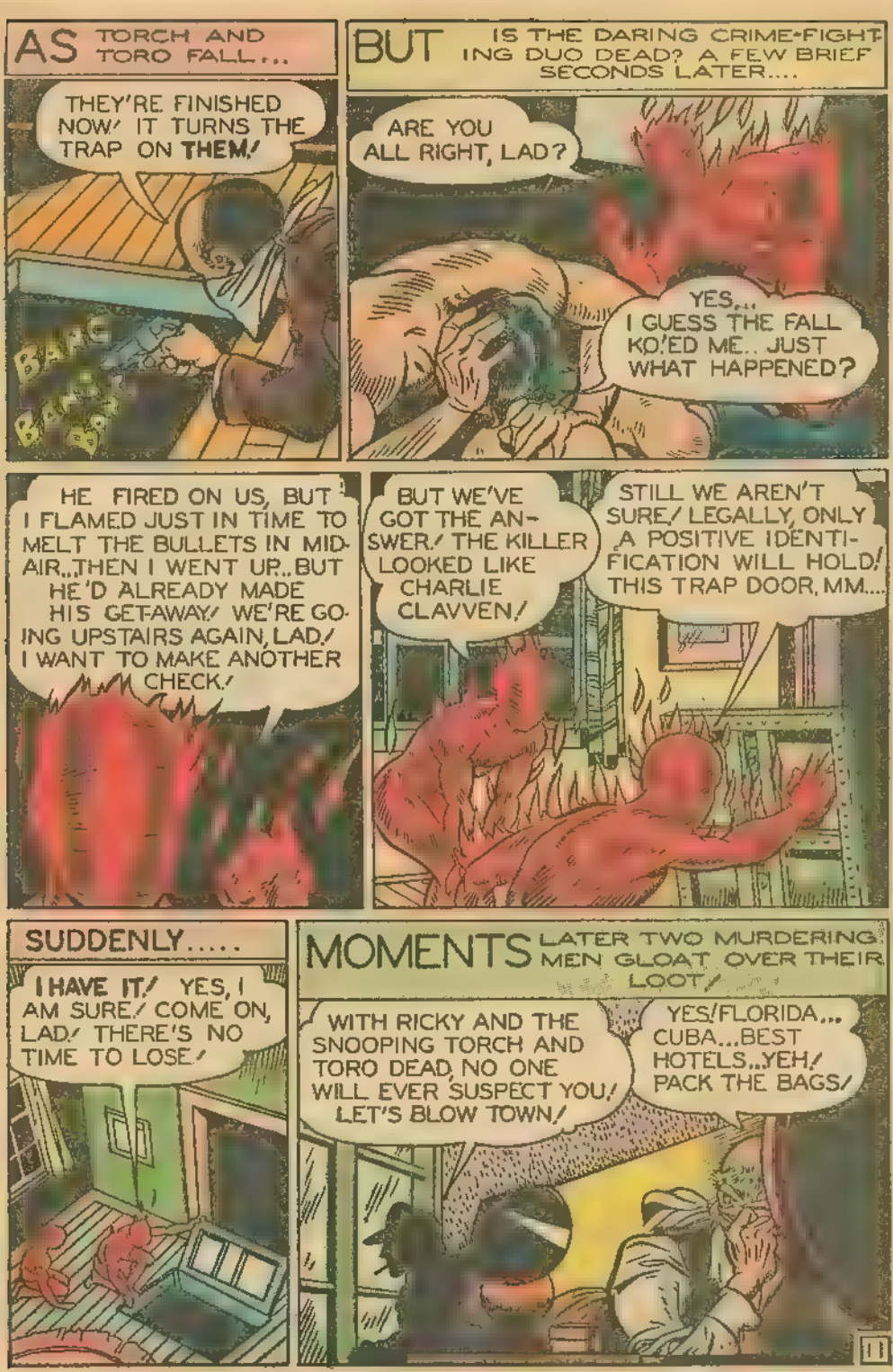

AND IF THE POLICE LOCATE MASON, THEY BELIEVE THE ARREST OF THE GAMBLING ROOM BOSS WILL SOON FOLLOW--
IF? I'D BETTER GET SOME AIR.

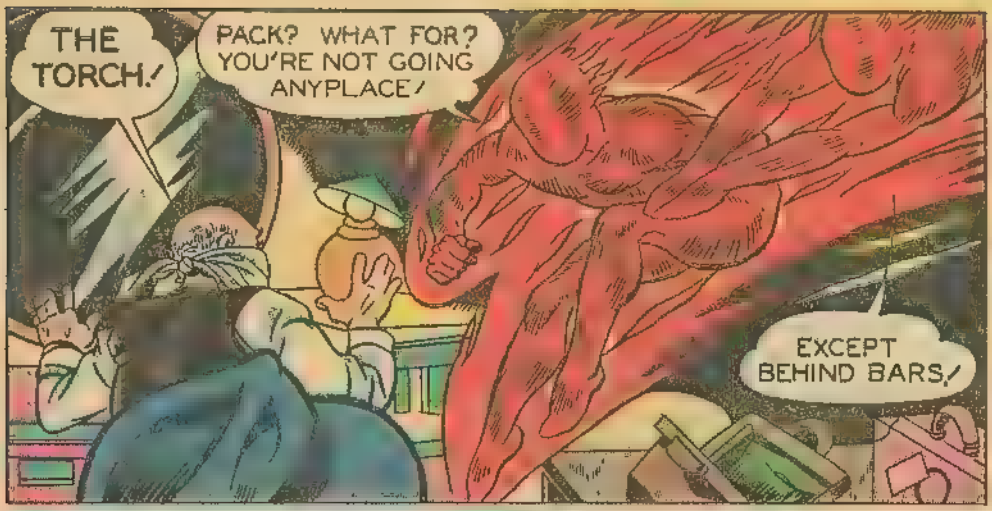
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AT A FOURTH STREET DINGY APARTMENT

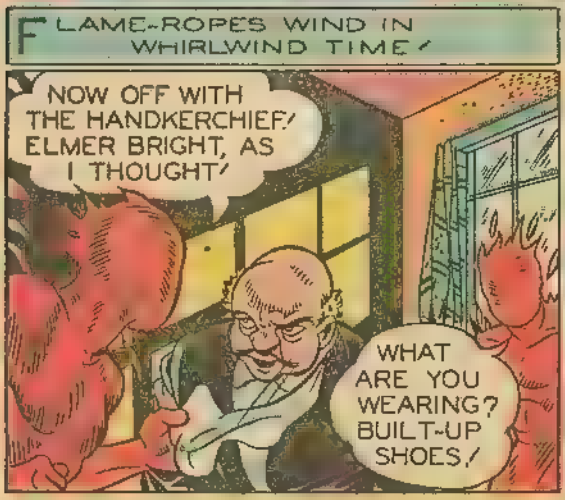
THE NEXT INSTANT...



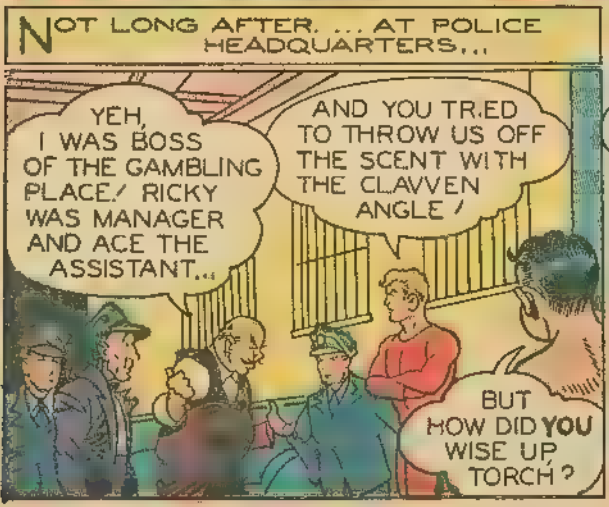


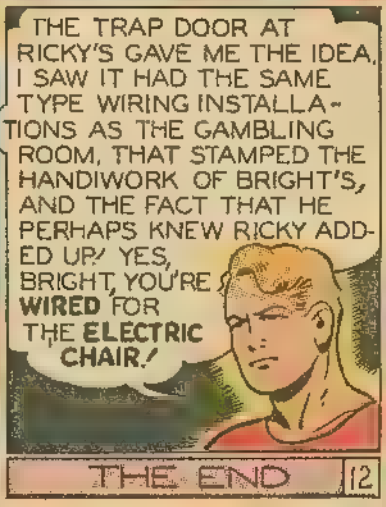

AS TORCH AND TORO FALL...
THEY'RE FINISHED NOW! IT TURNS THE TRAP ON THEM!
BANG
BUT IS THE DARING CRIME-FIGHTING DUO DEAD? A FEW BRIEF SECONDS LATER....
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LAD?
YES,... I GUESS THE FALL KO'ED ME.. JUST WHAT HAPPENED?
HE FIRED ON US, BUT I FLAMED JUST IN TIME TO MELT THE BULLETS IN MID-AIR..THEN I WENT UP..BUT HE'D ALREADY MADE HIS GETAWAY! WE'RE GOING UPSTAIRS AGAIN, LAD! I WANT TO MAKE ANOTHER CHECK!
BUT WE'VE GOT THE ANSWER! THE KILLER LOOKED LIKE CHARLIE CLAVVEN!
STILL WE AREN'T SURE! LEGALLY, ONLY A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION WILL HOLD! THIS TRAP DOOR, MM....
SUDDENLY.....
I HAVE IT! YES, I AM SURE! COME ON, LAD! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
MOMENTS LATER TWO MURDERING MEN GLOAT OVER THEIR LOOT!
WITH RICKY AND THE SNOOPING TORCH AND TORO DEAD, NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT YOU! LET'S BLOW TOWN!
YES! FLORIDA... CUBA...BEST HOTELS..YEH! PACK THE BAGS!


THE TORCH!
PACK? WHAT FOR? YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE!
EXCEPT BEHIND BARS!


FLAME-ROPES WIND IN WHIRLWIND TIME!
NOW OFF WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF! ELMER BRIGHT, AS I THOUGHT!
WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? BUILT-UP SHOES!

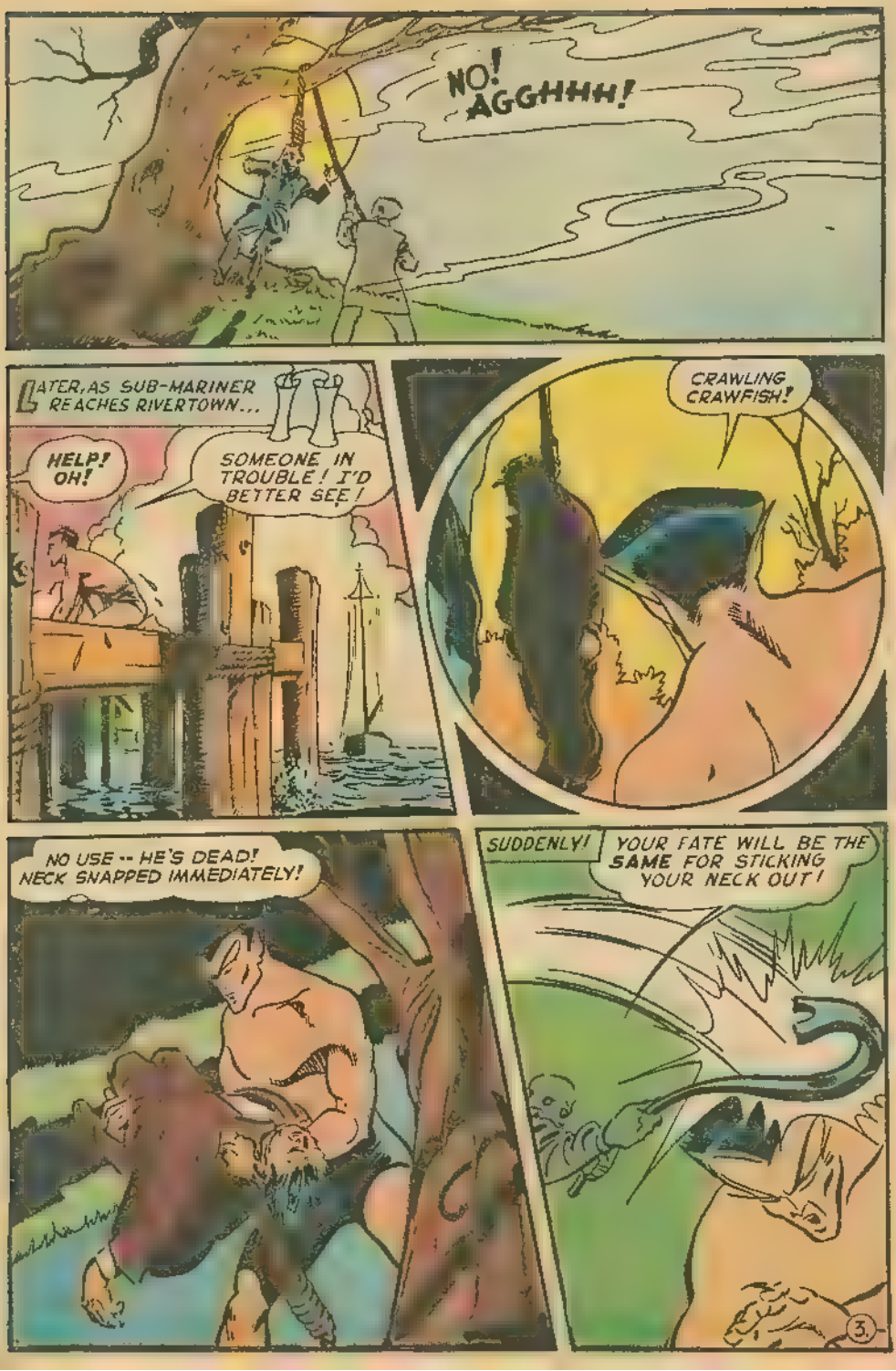
YEH, I WANTED TO RESEMBLE CHARLIE CLAVVEN!
ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT! TORO, CALL THE POLICE!

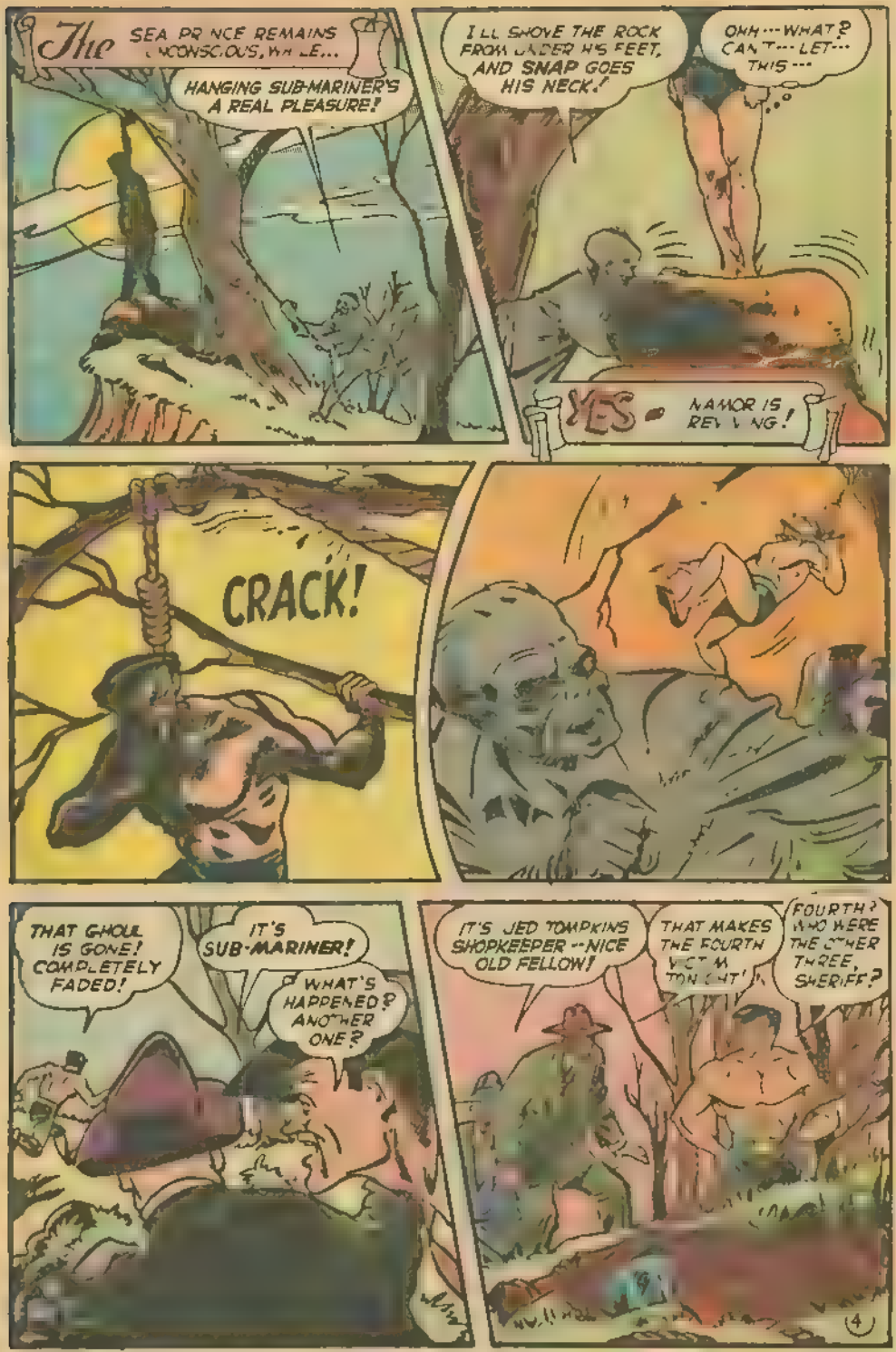

NOT LONG AFTER. ... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
YEH, I WAS BOSS OF THE GAMBLING PLACE! RICKY WAS MANAGER AND ACE THE ASSISTANT...
AND YOU TRIED TO THROW US OFF THE SCENT WITH THE CLAVVEN ANGLE!
BUT HOW DID YOU WISE UP TORCH?

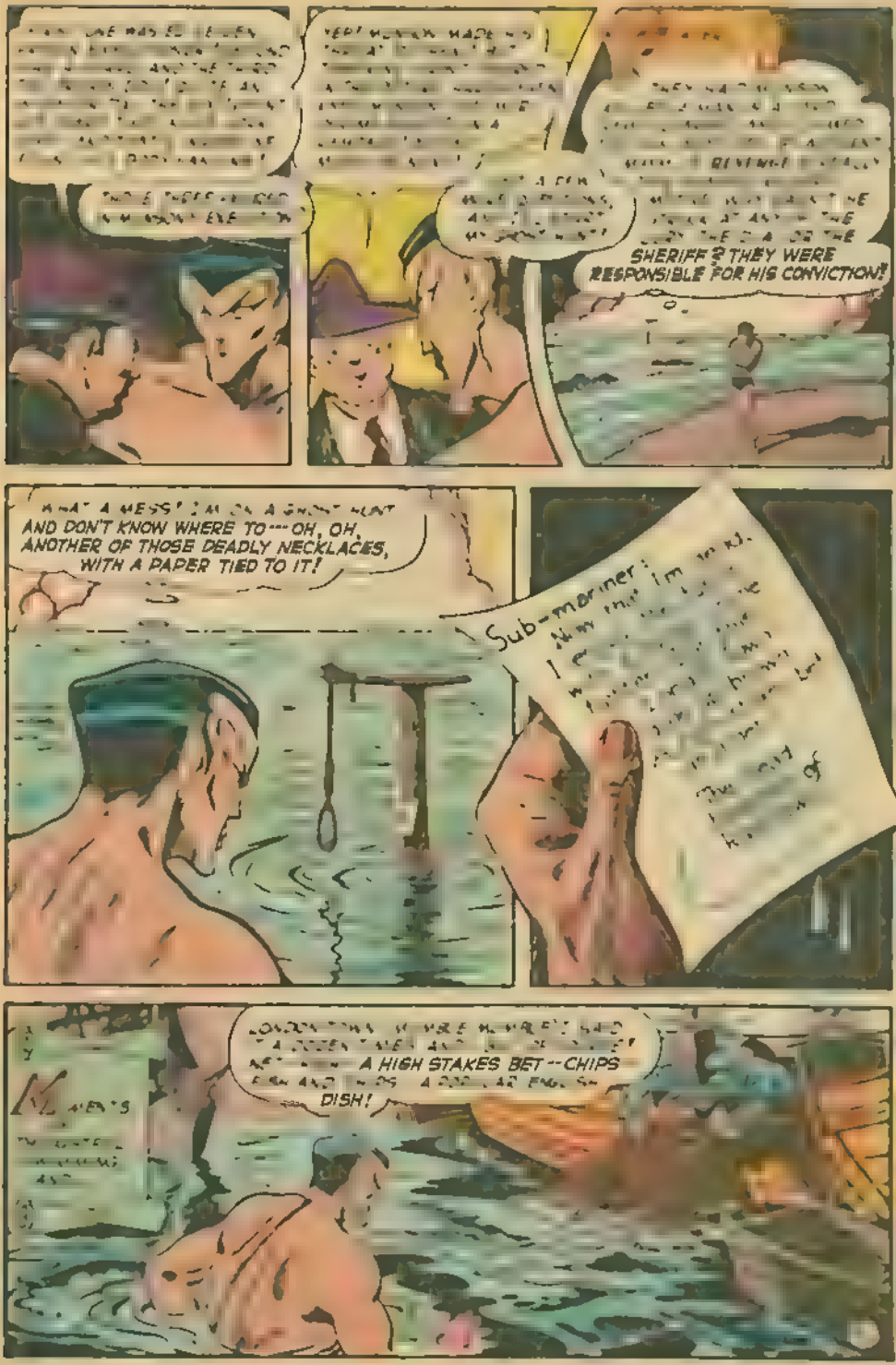

THE TRAP DOOR AT RICKY'S GAVE ME THE IDEA. I SAW IT HAD THE SAME TYPE WIRING INSTALLATIONS AS THE GAMBLING ROOM, THAT STAMPED THE HANDIWORK OF BRIGHT'S, AND THE FACT THAT HE PERHAPS KNEW RICKY ADDED UP! YES, BRIGHT, YOU'RE WIRED FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
THE END

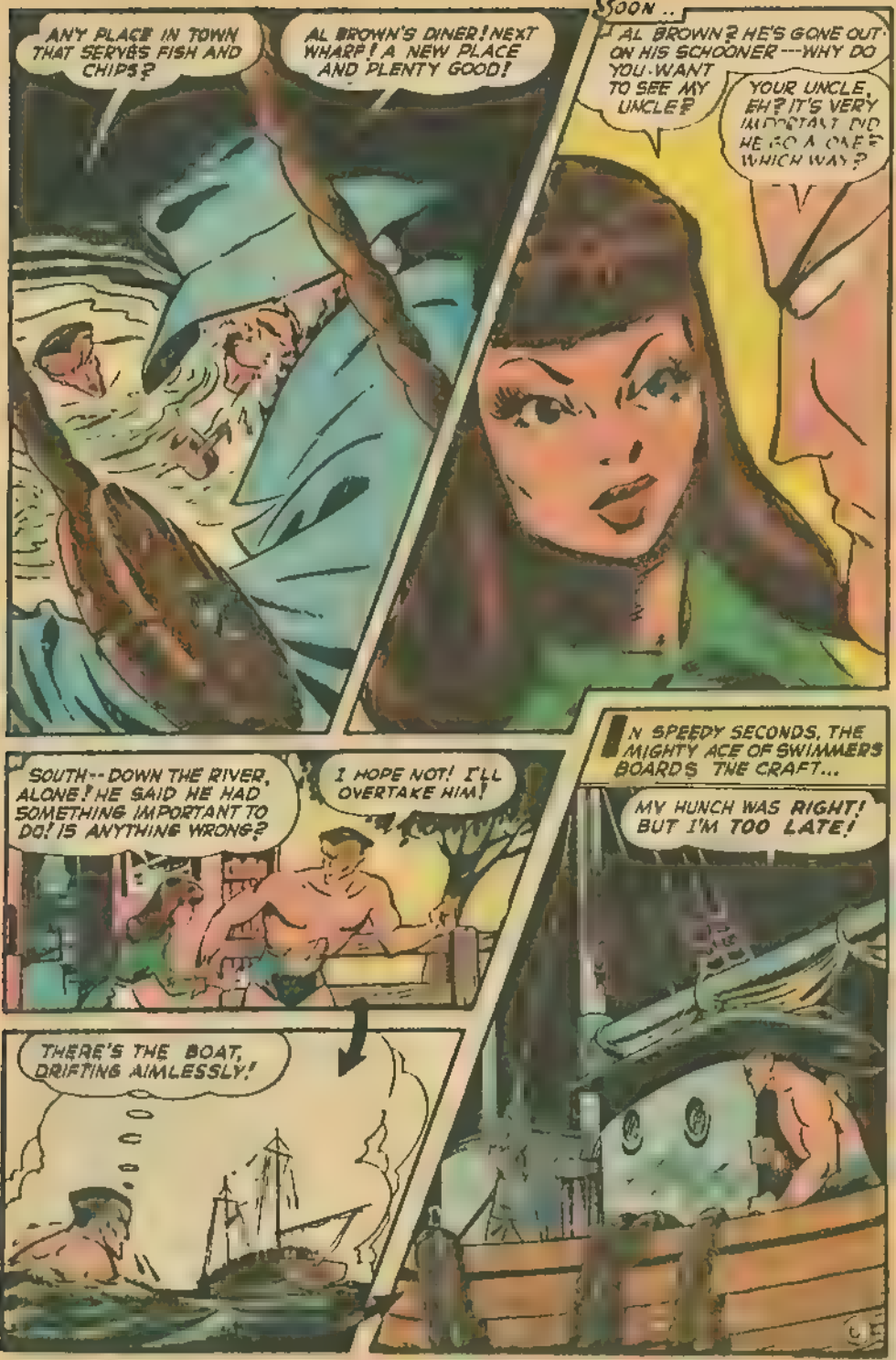
SUB-MARINER
A
"GHOST HANGMAN!"

IN THE DEATH CHAMBER AT RIVERTOWN PENITENTIARY...
I'M NOT A MURDERER! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I'LL COME BACK FROM THE DEAD TO AVENGE THIS!
OMINOUS WORDS! THEN SUDDENLY THE ROOM OF DEATH IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS!
A SIGN! IT'S A SIGN FROM ABOVE!
SHUT UP, GEORGE MUNSON! THE FUSE BLEW! BE FIXED IN A MINUTE!
LIGHTS RESTORED. THE HANGING PENALTY IS FULFILLED!
SOMETIME LATER.... THE RIVERTOWN HANGMAN, AFTER CELEBRATING WITH FRIENDS....
CAREFUL, ED! IT'S VERY DARK--DON'T FORGET MUNSON'S THREAT!
HA HA! WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME TO MEET UP WITH HIM!
MUNSON! IT CAN'T BE!
I SAID I'D COME OUT OF THE GRAVE!


NO! AGGHHH!
LATER, AS SUB-MARINER REACHES RIVERTOWN...
HELP! OH!
SOMEONE IN TROUBLE! I'D BETTER SEE!
CRAWLING CRAWFISH!
NO USE -- HE'S DEAD! NECK SNAPPED IMMEDIATELY!
SUDDENLY!
YOUR FATE WILL BE THE SAME FOR STICKING YOUR NECK OUT!
3.


The SEA PRINCE REMAINS UNCONSCIOUS, WHILE...
HANGING SUB-MARINER'S A REAL PLEASURE!
I'LL SHOVE THE ROCK FROM UNDER HIS FEET, AND SNAP GOES HIS NECK!
OHH---WHAT? CAN'T---LET--- THIS---
YES - NAMOR IS REVIVING!
CRACK!
THAT GHOUL IS GONE! COMPLETELY FADED!
IT'S SUB-MARINER!
WHAT'S HAPPENED? ANOTHER ONE?
IT'S JED TOMPKINS SHOPKEEPER--NICE OLD FELLOW!
THAT MAKES THE FOURTH VICTIM TONIGHT!
FOURTH? WHO WERE THE OTHER THREE, SHERIFF?
4

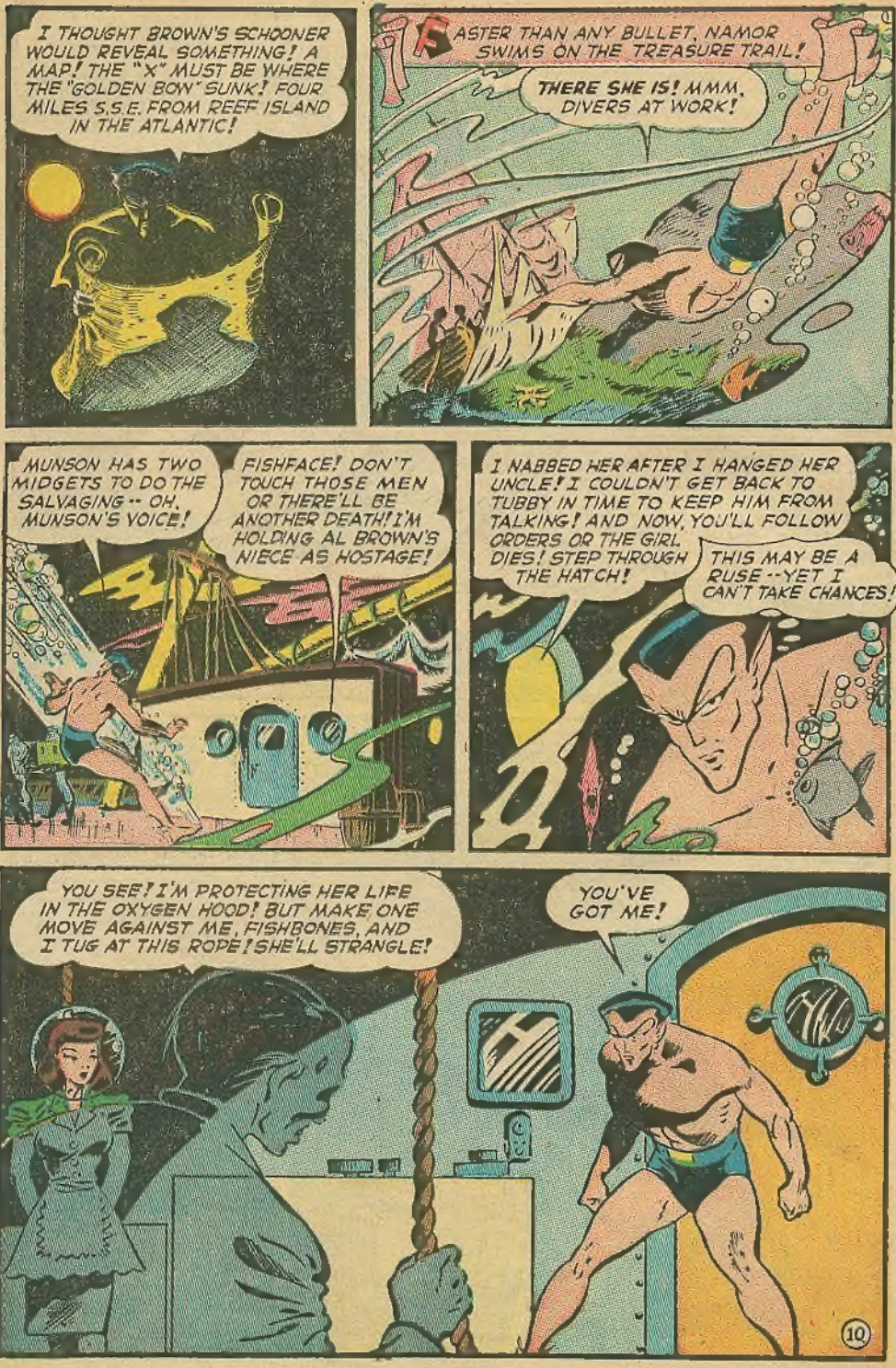

SHERIFF? THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS CONVICTION!
WHAT A MESS! I'M ON A GHOST HUNT AND DON'T KNOW WHERE TO--- OH, OH, ANOTHER OF THOSE DEADLY NECKLACES, WITH A PAPER TIED TO IT!
Sub-mariner!
A HIGH STAKES BET--CHIPS DISH!


ANY PLACE IN TOWN THAT SERVES FISH AND CHIPS?
AL BROWN'S DINER! NEXT WHARF! A NEW PLACE AND PLENTY GOOD!
SOON..
AL BROWN? HE'S GONE OUT ON HIS SCHOONER---WHY DO YOU WANT TO SEE MY UNCLE?
YOUR UNCLE, EH? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT DID HE GO A ONE? WHICH WAY?
SOUTH--DOWN THE RIVER, ALONE! HE SAID HE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO! IS ANYTHING WRONG?
I HOPE NOT! I'LL OVERTAKE HIM!
IN SPEEDY SECONDS, THE MIGHTY ACE OF SWIMMERS BOARDS THE CRAFT...
MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! BUT I'M TOO LATE!
THERE'S THE BOAT, DRIFTING AIMLESSLY!

YOUR SKIN'S COLD AS DEATH! BUT MY FISTS WILL WARM YOU!
WHISTLE
An EERIE WHISTLE...
TSK, TSK, PUPS --- WITH THE BAD COMPANY YOU KEEP, YOU'RE GOING TO THE DOGS!
SMACK!
BLP!
YOU'RE HITTING THE DECK! THIS PROVES AGAIN, FISH-FACE, YOU CAN'T WIN AGAINST ME!
SOME TIME LATER
THIS ONE MAKES THE FIFTH VICTIM OF --- HO, WHAT'S THIS ANOTHER LOVE-NOTE FOR ME!

School is over for a prize teacher. When I get my noose under the chins of that creature
The Dead Hangman of Rivertown
NOOSE--UNDER--CHINS--I COULD MAKE INQUIRIES ABOUT RIVERTOWN'S FAT SCHOOL TEACHERS! BUT I DON'T THINK THIS NOTE REFERS TO ANYTHING SO OBVIOUS! KILLER'S TOO CRAFTY---
IN A FISHING TOWN LIKE THIS, SCHOOL DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION! THESE WATERS ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR SCHOOLS OF FISH! I'VE A HUNCH THAT'S IT!
QUICKLY...
WHO'S YOUR BEST SCHOOL-RUNNING FISHERMAN AROUND HERE!
TUBBY BATES! GETS THE BEST SALMON SCHOOL CATCHES! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM, HE'S HOME, AND HOME'S HIS SHACK NEAR DOCK 17!
TUBBY'S SURE A FAT ONE!
HE'S THE MAN I WANT! I'M OFF TO DOCK 17-ON THE DOUBLE!
ONE GUESS THAT'S TUBBY! HEY, TUBBY, WHY WOULD THE GHOST HANGMAN WANT TO KILL YOU?
8

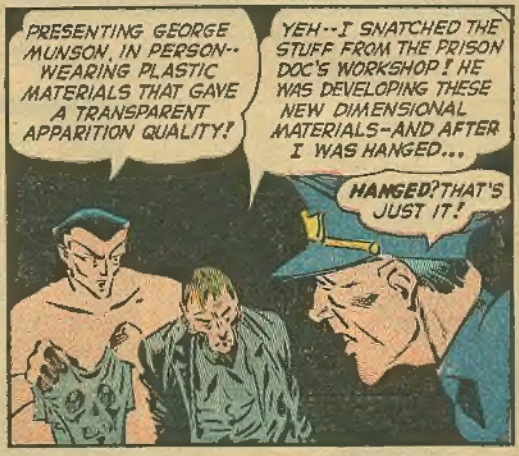
I CAN'T STAND KEEPING THE SECRET ANY LONGER! WE WERE THE CREW OF THE "GOLDEN BOW" CARRYING A CARGO OF JEWELS WORTH A FORTUNE LAST YEAR!
ONLY SURVIVORS! NO ONE KNEW WE SURVIVED, OR WHERE THE BOAT SANK!
OUR PLAN WAS TO SALVAGE THE TREASURE
THE JEWELS WERE TOO HOT TO
HE WAS DEADLY A SQUARBLE
HIS SHARE
KNEW THAT BUT US!
BROWN AND TOMPKINS HAD A FEELING MUNSON WANTED TO KILL THEM, TOO! EVEN IN DEATH HE'S STRUCK! BUT I'M THE ONE WHO SAVED HIS LIFE IN THE BOAT WRECK --- HE WON'T---
LOOK OUT!
HE WON'T KILL--
AGHH!
HE'S DEAD! THAT MOOSE WAS MEANT TO
ME! BUT THE GHOST HAS
IM
DRIFTING OUT


I THOUGHT BROWN'S SCHOONER WOULD REVEAL SOMETHING! A MAP! THE "X" MUST BE WHERE THE "GOLDEN BON" SUNK! FOUR MILES S.S.E. FROM REEF ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC!
FASTER THAN ANY BULLET, NAMOR SWIMS ON THE TREASURE TRAIL!
THERE SHE IS! MMM. DIVERS AT WORK!
MUNSON HAS TWO MIDGETS TO DO THE SALVAGING -- OH, MUNSON'S VOICE!
FISHFACE! DON'T TOUCH THOSE MEN OR THERE'LL BE ANOTHER DEATH! I'M HOLDING AL BROWN'S NIECE AS HOSTAGE!
I NABBED HER AFTER I HANGED HER UNCLE! I COULDN'T GET BACK TO TUBBY IN TIME TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING! AND NOW, YOU'LL FOLLOW ORDERS OR THE GIRL DIES! STEP THROUGH THE HATCH!
THIS MAY BE A RUSE -- YET I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!
YOU SEE! I'M PROTECTING HER LIFE IN THE OXYGEN HOOD! BUT MAKE ONE MOVE AGAINST ME, FISHBONES, AND I TUG AT THIS ROPE! SHE'LL STRANGLE!
YOU'VE GOT ME!
10

SUDDENLY:
YOU BET I GOT YOU! WITH THIS DREDGE! NO ONE'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING ALL THE JEWELS FOR MYSELF!
CRASH!
AS SOON AS I PUT THESE CHAINS ON YOU, YOU'LL GET THE HANGING YOU DESERVE!
The DREDGE SLOWLY LIFTS, AS THE SEA PRINCE AWAKENS!
WHEN THE DREDGE REACHES THE CEILING, YOU'RE DONE FOR!
AGGHH! I CAN FEEL THE NOOSE TIGHTENING--STRENGTH'S GONE--WITHOUT WATER--I'VE ONE CHANCE--TO TAKE THAT KILLER BY SURPRISE!
MUSCLES TENSED, THE SEA PRINCE MUSTERS A LAST RESERVE OF ENERGY!
YOU--
UGH!
And IN ANOTHER ATOMIC-SWIFT SWING---
NOW--FOR SOME WATER!
CRASH!
11

SAVE ME! I'LL DROWN!
CHEER UP, DEAD MAN! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!

Later ON SHORE...
THANKS, SUBMARINER! IT WAS ALL SO FRIGHTFUL!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW! I'LL GET THOSE MIDGETS WHEN THEY COME UP WITH THE TREASURE!


PRESENTING GEORGE MUNSON, IN PERSON-- WEARING PLASTIC MATERIALS THAT GAVE A TRANSPARENT APPARITION QUALITY!
YEH--I SNATCHED THE STUFF FROM THE PRISON DOC'S WORKSHOP! HE WAS DEVELOPING THESE NEW DIMENSIONAL MATERIALS--AND AFTER I WAS HANGED...
HANGED? THAT'S JUST IT!

HOW COULD YOU HAVE HANGED TO DEATH?
WITH THE HELP OF THE EXECUTIONER, THE DOC, AND A GUARD! I TOLD THEM ABOUT THE TREASURE, PROMISED THEM SHARES IN IT--SO THEY ARRANGED FOR THE FUSE TO BLOW OUT DURING THE HANGING!

THEY GOT A FRESH CORPSE FROM THE MORGUE, AND WHILE THE LIGHTS WERE OFF, THEY MADE THE SWITCH!
THIS TIME YOU'LL MEET THE HANGMAN--- AND NO SWITCH!
THE END
12

300

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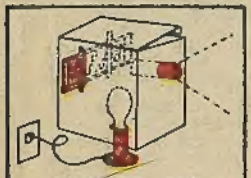

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